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THE PILGRIM.

A COMEDY.

Written by

Mr. *FRANCIS BEAUMONT.*

AND

Mr. *JOHN FLETCHER.*

LONDON,

Printed for *J. T.* And Sold by *J. Brown* at the *Black Swan* without *Temple-Bar.* 1718

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Governor of Segovia.
Verdugo, *a Captain under him.*
Alphonſo, *an old angry Gentleman.*
Curio, } *two Gentlemen, Friends to* Alphonſo.
Seberto, }
Pedro, *the Pilgrim, a noble Gentleman, Servant to* Alinda.
An old Pilgrim.
Roderigo, *Rival to* Pedro, *Captain of the Out-laws.*
Lopes, } *two Out-laws under* Roderigo.
Jaques, }
A Gentleman of the Country.
Courtiers.
Porter.
Maſter and Keepers of the Mad Folks.
Three Gentlemen.
Four Peaſants.
A Scholar,
A Parſon,
An Engliſhman, } *Madmen.*
Jenkin,
Fool.

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WOMEN.

Alinda, *Daughter to* Alphonſo, Pedro's *Lady.*
Juletta, Alinda's *Maid, a witty Laſs.*
Ladies.

SCENE *SPAIN.*

THE

THE PILGRIM.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Alphonſo, Curio, *and* Seberto.

Cur. SIgnior *Alphonſo*, ye are too rugged to her,
Believe too full of harſhneſs.
Alph. Yes it ſeems ſo.
Seb. A Father of ſo ſweet a Child, ſo happy,
Fie, Sir, ſo excellent in all Endowments,
In bleſſedneſs of Beauty, ſuch a Mirror.
Alph. She is a Fool, away. *Seb.* Can ye be angry?
Can any Wind blow rough, upon a Bloſſom
So fair, and tender? Can a Father's Nature,
A noble Father's too? *Alph.* All this is but prating:
Let her be rul'd; let her obſerve my humour,
With my Eyes let her ſee; with my Ears liſten;
I am her Father: I begot her, bred her,
And I will make her———
Cur. No doubt ye may compel her,
But what a miſchievous unhappy Fortune
May wait upon this Will of yours, as commonly
Such forcings ever end in Hates and Ruins.
Alph. Is't not a Man I wiſh her to? A ſtrong Man?
What can ſhe have? What could ſhe have? A Gentleman?
A young Man? and an able Man? a rich Man?
A handſome Man? a valiant Man? do you mark me
None of your pieced-Companions, your pin'd Gallants,
That fly to Fitters, with every flaw of Weather:
None of your impt Bravadoes: What can ſhe aſk more?

Is not a Metcal'd Man fit for a Woman?
A ſtrong chin'd Man? I'll not be fool'd nor flurted.
Seb. I grant ye *Roderigo* is all theſe,
And a brave Gentleman: Muſt it therefore follow
Upon neceſſity ſhe muſt doat upon him?
Will ye allow no liberty in chuſing?
Cur. Alas! ſhe is tender yet.
Alph. Enough, enough, enough, Sir;
She is malleable; ſhe'll endure the Hammer,
And why not that ſtrong Workman that ſtrikes deepeſt?
Let me know that? ſhe is fifteen, with the vantage,
And if ſhe be not ready now for marriage——
Seb. You know he is a baniſh't Man, an Out-law,
And how he lives; his Nature rough, and bloody
By cuſtomary Rapines: now, her ſweet humour,
That is as eaſie as a Calm, and peaceful,
All her Affections, like the Dews on Roſes,
Fair as the Flowers themſelves; as ſweet and gentle:
How would you have theſe meet?
Alph. A-bed, a-bed, Sir:
Let her be the faireſt Roſe, and the ſweeteſt,
Yet I know this fair Roſe muſt have her Prickles:
I grant ye *Roderigo* is an Out-law,
An eaſie Compoſition calls him in again,
He is a valiant Man, and he is a rich Man,
And loves the Fool; a little rough by Cuſtom:
She'll like him ten times better. She'll doat upon him,
If e'er they come to grapling, run mad for him;
But there is another in the wind, ſome Caſtrel
That hovers over her, and dares her daily,
Some flickring Slave. *Cur.* I dare not think ſo poorly.
Alph. Something there is, and muſt be; but I ſhall ſcent it
And hunt it narrowly. *Seb.* I never ſaw her yet
Make offer at the leaſt glance of Affection,
But ſtill ſo modeſt, wiſe. *Alph.* They are wiſe to gull us.
There was a Fellow, old *Ferando*'s Son,
I muſt confeſs handſome, but my Enemy,
And the whole Family, I hate young *Pedro*:
That Fellow I have ſeen her gaze upon,
And turn, and gaze again, and make ſuch offers
As if ſhe would ſhoot her Eyes like Meteors at him;
But that cauſe ſtands removed.
Cur. You need not doubt him,
For long ſince, as 'twas thought on a griev'd Conſcience,
He left his Father, and his Friends; more pity;
For Truth reports he was a noble Gentleman.

Alph.

Alph. Let him be what he will, he was a Beggar;
And there I'll leave him.
Seb. The more the Court muſt anſwer;
But certainly I think, though ſhe might favour him,
And love his Goodneſs, as he was an honeſt Man,
She never with looſe Eyes ſtuck on his Perſon.
Alph. She is ſo full of Conſcience too, and Charity,
And outward Holineſs, ſhe will undo me:
Relieves more Beggars, than an Hoſpital;
And all poor Rogues, that can but ſay their Prayers,
And tune their Pipes to Lamentations,
Enter Alinda, *and* Juletta.
She thinks ſhe is bound to dance to. Good Morrow to you,
And that's as ye deſerve too; you know my Mind,
And ſtudy to obſerve it, do it cheerfully,
And readily, and home. *Alin.* I ſhall obey ye.
But, noble Sir.
Alph. Come, come, away with your flatteries,
And your fine Phraſes. *Cur.* Pray ye be gentle to her.
Alph. I know 'em; and know your Feats; if you will find me
Noble and loving, ſeek me in your Duty,
You know I am too indulgent. *Seb.* Alas, poor Lady.
Alph. To your Devotions; I take no good thing from you.
Come Gentlemen; leave pitying, and moaning of her,
And praiſing of her Virtues, and her Whim-whams;
It makes her proud, and ſturdy.
Seb. Cur. Good hours wait on ye. [*Exeunt.*
Alin. I thank ye, Gentlemen: I want ſuch comforts.
I would thank you too, Father; but your cruelty
Hath almoſt made me ſenſeleſs of my Duty,
Yet ſtill I muſt know: Would I had known nothing.
What Poor attend my charity to Day, Wench?
Jul. Of all ſorts, Madam; your open-handed Bounty
Makes 'em flock every hour: Some worth your pity,
But others that have made a trade of Begging.
Alin. Wench, if they ask it truly, I muſt give it:
It takes away the holy uſe of Charity
To examine Wants. *Jul.* I would you would be merry.
A cheerful-giving Hand, as I think, Madam,
Requires a Heart as cheerful. *Alin.* Alas *Juletta*,
What is there to be merry at? What joy now,
Unleſs we fool our own Afflictions,
And make them ſhew ridiculous? *Jul.* Sure, Madam,
You could not ſeem thus ſerious, if you were married,
Thus ſad, and full of Thoughts.
Alin. Married? To whom, Wench?

Thou

Thou think'ſt if there be a young handſome Fellow,
As thoſe are plentiful, our cares are quenched then.
Jul. Madam, I think a luſty handſome Fellow,
If he be kind and loving, and a right one,
Is even as good a Pill to purge this Melancholy,
As ever *Galen* gave; I am ſure more Natural,
And merrier for the Heart, than Wine and Saffron:
Madam, wanton Youth is ſuch a Cataplaſme.
Alin. Who has been thy Tutor, Wench?
Jul. Even my own Thoughts, Lady:
For though I be bar'd the Liberty of talking,
Yet I can think unhappily, and as near the mark, Madam;
'Faith, marry, and be merry. *Alin.* Who will have me?
Who will be troubled with a tettiſh Girl?
It may be proud and to that Vice expenceful?
Who can aſſure himſelf, I ſhall live honeſt?
Jul. Let every Man take his Fortune.
Alin. And o' my Conſcience,
If once I grow to breeding, a whole Kingdom
Will not contain my Stock. *Jul.* The more the merrier:
'Tis brave to be a Mother of new Nations.
Alin. Why, I ſhould bury a hundred Husbands.
Jul. 'Tis no matter:
As long as ye leave ſufficient Men to ſtock ye.
Alin. Is this thy mirth? Are theſe the joys of Marriage?
Away light-headed Fool; are theſe Contentments?
If I could find a Man. *Jul.* You may a thouſand.
Alin. Meer Men I know I may: And there a Woman
Has liberty, (at leaſt ſhe'll venture for it,)
To be a Monſter, and become the time too;
But to enjoy a Man, from whoſe Example,
As from a Compaſs, we may ſteer our Fortunes,
Our Actions, and our Age; and ſafe arrive at
A memory that ſhall become our Aſhes,
Such things are few, and far to ſeek; to find one
That can but rightly manage the wild Beaſt, Woman,
And ſweetly govern with her. But no more of this, Wench,
'Tis not for thy Diſcourſe: Let's in, and ſee
What poor afflicted wait our Charity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter a Porter, four Beggars, Pedro, *and a Pilgrim.*

Por. Stand off, and keep your Ranks: Twenty Foot further:
There louſe your ſelves with Reaſon and Diſcretion.
The Sun ſhines warm: The farther ſtill the better,

Your

Your Beasts will bolt anon, and then 'tis dangerous.
1 *Beg.* Heav'n bless our Mistress.
Por. Does the crack go that way?
'Twill be o'th' other side anon.
2 *Beg.* Pray ye, Friend.
Por. Your Friend? And why your Friend? Why, good-man (Turncoat
What dost thou see within me, or without me,
Or what itch dost thou know upon me, tell me,
That I should be thy Friend? What do I look like,
Any of thy Acquaintance hung in Gibbets?
Hast thou any Friends, Kindred, or Alliance,
Or any higher Ambition, than an Alms-basket?
2 *Beg.* I would be your Worship's friend.
Por. So ye shall, Sirrah,
When I quarter the same Louse with ye.
3 *Beg.* 'Tis twelve o' Clock.
Por. 'Tis ever so with thee, when thou hast done scratching.
For that provokes thy Stomach to ring Noon;
O the infinite Seas of Porridge thou hast swallow'd!
And yet thou look'st as if they had been but Glisters;
Thou feed'st abundance, thou had'st need of sustenance;
Alms do you call it to relieve these Rascals?
Nothing but a general rot of Sheep can satisfie 'em.

Enter Alphonso, Curio, *and* Seberto.

Alph. Did not I tell you, how she would undo me?
What Marts of Rogues, and Beggars? *Seb.* 'Tis Charity:
Methinks, you are bound to love her for ——.
Alph. Yes I warrant ye,
If Men could sail to Heav'n in Porridge Pots,
With masts of Beef and Mutton, what a Voyage should I make?
What are all theese?
1 *Beg.* Poor People, and't like your Woorship.
2 *Beg.* Wretched poor People. 3 *Beg.* Very hungry People.
Alph. And very Lousie. 4 *Beg.* Yes, forsooth, so, so.
Por. I'll undertake five hundred Head about 'em,
And that's no needy Grasier. *Alph.* What are you?
Pil. Strangers that come to wonder at your Charity,
Yet People poor enough to beg a Blessing.
Cur. Use them with favour, Sir, their shews are Reverent.
It seems ye are holy *Pilgrims*? *Pil.* Ye guess right, Sir,
And bound far off, to offer our Devotions.
Alph. What make ye this way? We keep no Relicks here,
Nor holy Shrines. *Pil.* The holiest we e'er heard of;
Ye keep a living Monument of Goodness,
A Daughter of that pious Excellence,
The very Shrines of Saints sink at her Virtues,

And

And ſwear they cannot hold pace with her Pieties.
We come to ſee this Lady: Not with prophane Eyes,
Nor wanton Bloods, to doat upon her Beauties,
But through our tedious ways to beg her Bleſſings.
Alph. This is a new way of Begging, and a neat one,
And this cries Money for Reward; good ſtore too:
Theſe Commendations beg not with Bag, and Bottle.
Well, well, the fainting of this Woman, Gentlemen,
I know what it muſt come to; theſe Women Saints
Are plaguy heavy Saints, they out-weigh a He-ſaint
Three thouſand thick; I know, I feel.
Seb. Ye are more afraid than hurt, Sir.
Alph. Have you your Commendations ready too?
He bows, and nods. *Cur.* A handſome well built Perſon.
Alph. What Country-craver are you? Nothing but Motion?
A Puppet-Pilgrim? *Pil.* He's a Stranger, Sir;
This four Days I have travel'd in his Company,
But little of his Buſineſs, or his Language,
As yet, I have underſtood. *Seb.* Both young, and handſome,
Only the Sun has been too ſaucy with him.
Alph. Would ye have Mony, Sir, or Meat? What kind of Bleſſing
Does your Devotion look for? Still more ducking?
Be there any Saints, that underſtand by Signs only?
More motion yet? This is the prettieſt Pilgrim,
The pinck of Pilgrims; I'll be for ye, Sir;
Do ye Diſcourſe with Signs? Ye are heartily welcome,
A poor Viaticum; very good Gold, Sir;
But holy Men affect a better Treaſure.
I kept it for your Goodneſs, but nevertheleſs
Since it can prove but burthenſome to your Holineſs,
And you affect light Prayer, fit for Carriage,
I'll put this up again. *Cur.* Ye are too unreverent.
Alph. Ye talk too broad; muſt I give way, and Wealth too,
To every Toy, that carries a grave ſeeming?
Muſt my good Angels wait on him? If the proud Hilding
Would yield but to my Will, and know her Duty,
I knew what I would ſuffer. *Seb.* Good Sir, be patient,
The wrongs ye do theſe Men may light on you,
Too heavy too; and then you will wiſh you had ſaid leſs:
A comely and ſweet uſage becomes Strangers.
Alph. We ſhall have half the Kingdom Strangers ſhortly,
And this fond Prodigality be ſuffer'd;
But I muſt be an Aſs: See 'em relieved, Sirrah;
If I were young again, I would ſooner get Bear Whelps,
And ſafer too, than any of theſe She-ſaints.
But I will break her. *Cur.* Such a Face for certain.

Seb.

Seb. Methinks I have ſeen it too; But we are cozen'd.
But fair befal thee Pilgrim, thou look'ſt lovely. [*Exit.*
Por. Will ye troop up, ye Porridge Regiment?
Captain Poor's Quarter, will ye move?

Enter Alinda, *and* Juletta.

Alin. Ye dull Knave,
Are not theſe Wretches ſerved yet?
Beg. 'Bleſs my Miſtreſs.
Alin. Do you make ſport, Sir, with their Miſeries?
Ye drowſie Rogue. *Por.* They are too high fed, Madam,
Their Stomachs are aſleep yet. *Alin.* Serve 'em plentifully,
Or I'll ſerve you out next; even out o' Doors, Sirrah;
And ſerve 'em quickly too. *Beg.* Heav'n bleſs the Lady.
Alin. Bleſs the good end I mean it for.
Jul. I would I knew it:
If it be for any Man's ſake, I'll cry Amen too.
Well Madam, ye have even as pretty a port of Pentioners.
Alin. Vain-glory would ſeek more, and handſomer.
But I appeal to Virtue what my end is; [*Ex. Beggars.*
What Men are theſe?
Jul. It ſeems they are holy Pilgrims:
That handſome Youth ſhould ſuffer ſuch a Penance,
Would I were even the Saint they make their Vows to,
How eaſily I would grant.
Pil. Heav'ns Grace in-wheel ye,
And all good Thoughts, and Prayers dwell about ye,
Abundance be your Friend, and holy Charity
Be ever at your Hand, to crown ye Glorious.
Alin. I thank ye, Sir; Peace guide your Travels too,
And what you wiſh for moſt, end all your Troubles;
Remember me by this; and in your Prayers,
When your ſtrong Heart melts, mediate my poor Fortunes.
Pil. All my Devotions wait upon your Service.
Alin. Are ye of this Country, Sir?
Pil. Yes, worthieſt Lady,
But far off bred: My fortunes farther from me.
Alin. Gentle, I dare believe. *Pil.* I have liv'd freer.
Alin. I am no Inquiſitor, that were too curious:
Whatever Vow or Penance pulls ye on, Sir;
Conſcience, or Love, or ſtubborn Diſobedience,
The Saint ye kneel to, hear, and eaſe your Travels.
Pil. Yours ne'er begin: And thus I ſeal my Prayers. [*Exit.*
Alin. How conſtantly this Man looks? How he ſighs?
Some great Affliction hatches his Devotions.
Right holy Sir; how young, and ſweet he ſuffers?
Jul. Would I might ſuffer with him. *Alin.* He turns from us

Alas, he weeps too: Something preſſes him
He would reveal, but dare not. Sir, be comforted,
Ye come for that, and take it: If it be want, Sir,
To me ye appear ſo worthy of relieving,
I am your Steward: ſpeak, and take. He's dumb ſtill:
Now as I have a faith this Man ſo ſtirs me,
His modeſty makes me afraid I have treſpaſs'd.
Jul. Would he would ſtir me too; I like his Shape well.
Alin. May be he would ſpeak alone; go off *Juletta.*
Afflicted Hearts fear their own Motions:
Be not far off. *Jul.* Would I were nearer to him,
A young ſmug handſome Holineſs has no Fellow. [*Exit.*
Alin. Why do you grieve? Do you find your Penance ſharp?
Or are the Vows ye have made too mighty for ye?
Do's not the World allure ye to look back,
And ſorrow for the ſweet time ye have loſt?
Ye are young, and fair; be not deluded, Sir;
A manly made up Heart contemns theſe Shadows,
And yours appears no leſs; Griefs for your Fears,
For Hours ill-ſpent, for Wrongs done raſh and rudely,
For foul Contempts, for Faiths ill violated,
Become Fears well; I dare not task your Goodneſs;
And then a Sorrow ſhews in his true Glory,
When the whole Heart is excellently ſorry.
I pray ye be comforted. *Ped.* I am, dear Lady,
And ſuch a comfort ye have caſt upon me,
That though I ſtruggle with mine own Calamities
Too mighty, and too many for my Manage,
And though, like angry Waves, they curl'd upon me,
Contending proudly who ſhould firſt devour me,
Yet I would ſtem their danger. *Alin.* He ſpeaks nobly;
What do ye want? *Ped.* All that can mak me happy,
I want my ſelf. *Alin.* Your ſelf? Who rob'd ye, Pilgrim?
Why does he look ſo conſtantly upon me?
I want my ſelf. Indeed, you holy Wanderers
Are ſaid to ſeek much; but to ſeek your ſelves.
Ped. I ſeek my ſelf; and am but my ſelf's Shadow;
Have loſt my ſelf, and now am not ſo noble.
Alin. I ſeek my ſelf; ſomething I yet remember
That bears that Motto: 'Tis not he, he is younger,
And far more tender: For that ſelf-ſake, Pilgrim,
Be who it will, take this. *Ped.* Your hand I dare take,
That be far from me, Lady, thus I kiſs it,
And thus I bleſs it too; be conſtant fair ſtill:
Be good, and live to be a great Example. [*Exit.*
Alin.

Alin. One word more, Pilgrim. H'as amaz'd me ſtrangely;
Be conſtant fair ſtill; 'tis the Poſie here:
And here without, Be good: He wept to ſee me.
Juletta.

Enter Juletta.

Jul. Madam.
Alin. Take this Key, and fetch me
The Marygold Jewel that lies in my little Cabinet;
I think 'tis that: What Eyes had I to miſs him? [*Exit* Jul.
O'me, what thoughts? he had no Beard then, and
As I remember, well, he was more ruddy.
If this be he, has a manly Face yet,
A goodly Shape.

Enter Juletta.

Jul. Here, Madam. *Alin.* Let me ſee it:
'Tis ſo, too true: It muſt be he, or nothing,
He ſpake the Words juſt as they ſtand engrav'd here;
I ſeek my ſelf, and am but my ſelf's Shadow;
Alas poor Man: Didſt thou not meet him, *Juletta?*
The Pigrim, Wench? *Jul.* He went by long ago, Madam.
Alin. I forgot to give him ſomething.
Jul. 'Twas ill done, Lady:
For o'my Troth, he is the handſomeſt Man
I ſaw this many a Day; would he had all my Wealth,
And me to boot: What ails ſhe to grow ſullen?
Alin. Come, I forgot; but I will recompence it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Alphonſo, Curio, Seberto, Juletta, *Porter and Servants.*

Alph. CAN ſhe ſlip through a Cat-hole? tell me that;
Reſolve me; can ſhe fly i'th' Air? is ſhe
A thing inviſible? Gone, and none know it?
Seb. Ye amaze your Servants.
Alph. Some pelting Rogue has watch'd her hour of itching,
And claw'd her, claw'd her; do you mark me, claw'd her;
Some that I foſter up. *Cur.* They are all here, Sir.
Alph. Let 'em be where they will, they are arrant Raſcals,
And by this Hand I'll hang 'em all. *Seb.* Deal calmly;
You will not give 'em time to anſwer ye.
Alph. I'll choak 'em, famiſh 'em: What ſay you, Wagtail?
You knew her mind, you were of Council with her;
Tell me, and tell me true. *Cur.* Ask with Diſcretion.

Alph. Diſcretion? hang Diſcretion, hang ye all:
Let me know where ſhe is.
Jul. Would you know o'me, Sir?
Alph. O'thee, Sir; ay, o'thee, Sir: What art thou, Sir?
Jul. Her Woman, Sir, and't like your Worſhip, Sir.
Alph. Her Band, her Fiddle-ſtick,
Her Lady-fairy, to oil the Doors o' Nights,
That they may open with diſcretion,
Her Gin, her Nut-crack. *Jul.* 'Tis very well, Sir.
Alph. Thou lieſt; 'tis damnable ill, 'tis moſt abominable:
Will ye confeſs, Thing? *Jul.* Say I were guilty, Sir,
I would be hang'd before I would confeſs;
Is this a World to confeſs in? *Cur.* Deal directly.
Jul. Yes, if my matter lye direct before me;
But when I am forc'd and ferretted.
Alph. Tell me the truth,
And as I live I'll give thee a new Petticoat
Jul. And you would give me ten, I would not tell ye,
Truths bear a greater price than you are aware of.
Seb. Deal modeſtly. *Jul.* I do not pluck my Cloaths up.
Alph. What ſay you, Sirrah? you? or you? are ye dumb all
Por. I ſaw her laſt Night, and't ſhall like your Worſhip,
When I ſerv'd in her Livery. *Alph.* What's that, Sirrah?
Por. Her Chamber-pot, and't pleaſe ye.
Seb. A new Livery.
Alph. Where lay ſhe? who lay with her?
Por. In truth not I, Sir;
I lay with my Fellow *Frederick*, in the Flea-chamber.
And't like your Worſhip, we are almoſt worried.
Jul. I left her by her ſelf, in her own Cloſet,
And there I thought ſhe had ſlept. *Alph.* Why lay you from her?
Jul. It was her Will I ſhould; ſhe is my Miſtreſs,
And my part is Obedience.
Alph. Were all the Doors lock'd? *Por.* All mine.
Ser. And mine: She could not get out thoſe ways
Unleſs ſhe leapt the Walls, and thoſe are higher
Than any Woman's Courage dare aſpire at.
Alph. Come, you muſt know.
Cur. Conceal it not, but deal plain.
Jul. If I did know, and her Truſt lay upon me,
Not all your Angers, nor your Flatteries
Should make me ſpeak; but having no more intereſt
Than I may well deliver to the Air,
I'll tell ye what I know, and tell it liberally:
I think ſhe is gone, becauſe we cannot find her;
I think ſhe is weary of your Tyranny,

And therefore gone: May be ſhe is in Love:
May be in Love where you ſhow no great liking,
And therefore gone: May be ſome point of Conſcience,
Or vow'd Devotion. *Alph.* Theſe are nothing Minion,
You that can aim at theſe, muſt know the truth too.
Jul. Any more truth than this, if I know, hang me:
Or where to ſearch for it; if I make a Lie
To gain your love, and envy my beſt Miſtreſs,
Pin me againſt a Wall, with my Heels upwards.
Alph. Out of my Doors. *Jul.* That's all my poor Petition;
For if your Houſe were Gold, and ſhe not in it,
Sir, I ſhould count it but a Cage to whiſtle in.
Alph. Whore, if ſhe be above ground, I will have her.
Jul. I would live in a Cole-pit, then, were I your Daughter.
Seb. Certain ſhe does not know, Sir.
Alph. Hang her, hang her,
She knows too much: Search all the Houſe, all corners,
And where tis poſſible ſhe may go out. [*Ex. Serv.*
If I do find your tricks. *Jul.* Reward me for 'em.
Or if I had ſuch tricks you could diſcover,
So weak, and ſlightly woven, you might look through,
All the young Girls ſhould hoot me out o'th' Pariſh.
You are my Maſter, but ye own an Anger
Becomes a School-boy, that hath loſt his Apples;
Will ye force things into our knowledges?
Alph. Come hither, *Juletta*; thou didſt love me.
Jul. And do ſtill:
You are my Lady's Father, and I reverence ye.
Alph. Thou wouldſt have pleas'd my Humour.
Jul. Any good way,
That carried not ſuſpicion in't, or flattery,
Or fail of truſt.
Alph. Come, come, thou wouldſt have———
Jul. Stay, Sir.
Alph. And thou haſt felt my Bounty for't, and ſhalt do.
Doſt thou want Cloaths or Mony?
Jul. Both. *Alph.* Shalt have both.
Jul. But not this way; I had rather be an *Adamite*,
And bring Fig-leaves into faſhion again.
If you were young, Sir,
Handſome, and fitted to a Woman's Appetite;
And I a giddy-headed Girl, that car'd for nothing,
Much might be done; then you might fum blewith me,
And think to grope out matters of ſome moment,
Which now you will put too ſhort for;
For what you have ſeen hitherto,

And known by me, has been but honeſt Service,
Which I dare pin i'th' Market-place to anſwer;
And let the World, the Fleſh and Devil examine it.
And come you in too, I dare ſtand your ſtricteſt.
And ſo much good may do you, with your dreams of courteſie.
Alph. This is moſt monſtrous.

Enter Porter and Servants.

Seb. Sure ſhe does not know, Sir;
She durſt not be ſo confident, and guilty.
Alph. How now, what news? what hopes and ſteps diſcovered?
Speak any thing that's good, that tends to th' matter;
Do you ſtand ſtaring ſtill?
1 *Ser.* We are no Gods, Sir,
To ſay ſhe is here or there, and what ſhe is doing;
But we have ſearch'd.
Por. I am ſure ſhe is not i'th' Cellar;
For look you, Sir, if ſhe had been i'th' Cellar——
Alph. I am ſure thou haſt been there.
Por. As I carried the matter,
For I ſearch'd every piece of Wine; yes ſure, Sir,
And every little Tereſs that could but teſtifie:
And I drew hard to bolt her out. *Alph.* Away with him,
Fling him i'th' Hay-mow, let him lye a mellowing;
He ſtinks of Muskadel like an *Engliſh Chriſtmas*:
Are theſe your Cares? your Services?
2 *Ser.* Pray ye hear, Sir,
We have found where ſhe went out; her very footing.
Alph. Where? where? go on.
Cur. Obſerve then with more ſtayedneſs.
2 *Ser.* Searching the Garden, at the little Poſtern
That opens to the Park, we firſt diſcovered it.
Alph. A little foot?
1 *Ser.* It muſt be hers, or none, Sir.
Alph. How far beyond that? 2 *Ser.* To the Park it leads us,
But there the Ground being hard, we could not mark it.
Alph. She always kept that Key; I was a Coxcomb,
A Fool, an Aſs, to give a Girl that liberty:
Saddle my Horſes, Rogues, ye drunken Varlets;
Your precious diligence lies Pint-pots,
Your Brains in Buts, my Horſes, ye Pin-buttocks.
You'll bear me Company? *Seb.* We dare not leave ye,
Unleſs we found a quieter Soul within ye.
Cur. If we may do the Lady any Service,
Sweet, gentle Soul. *Alph.* I ſay again, my Horſes;
Are ye ſo hot? have ye your private Pilgrimages?
Muſt ye be Jumping-*Jones*? I'll wander with ye,

I'll

I'll jump ye, and I'll joggle ye: My Horſes;
And keep me this young Lirry-poop within Doors.
I will diſcover, Dame. *Jul.* 'Tis fit you ſhould, Sir,
If ye knew what: Well Love, if thou beeſt with her,
Or what Power elſe that arms her Reſolution,
Conduct her fair, and keep her from this Mad-man,
Direct her to her Wiſhes, dwell about her,
That no diſhonourable end o'ertake her,
Danger, or Want; and let me try my fortune.
Alph. You know the place we meet in?
Seb. We ſhall hit it.
Alph. And as ye are honeſt Gentlemen, endeavour.
Cur. We'll ſearch the beſt we can; if ſhe light in our Hands.
Alph. Tie her to th' Horſe Tail. *Seb.* We know how to uſe her,
But not your way, for all your ſtate. *Alph.* Make haſte there:
And get you in, and look to th' Houſe. If you ſtir out, Damſel,
Or ſet o' foot any new motion this way,
When I come home, (which ſhall be ſuddenly)
You know my mind; if you do play the Raſcal
I have my Eyes and Ears in ſundry places,
If ye do prance. *Jul.* I ſhall do that's fit, Sir,
And fit to croſs your fooleries; I'll fail elſe.
And ſo I'll to my Chamber. [*Exit.*
Alph. To your Prayers,
And leave your ſtubborn tricks: She is not far yet,
She cannot be; and we dividing ſuddenly.
Cur. Keep her from thy Hands, I beſeech.
Alph. Our Horſes;
Come cheerfully. I'll teach her to run gadding. [*Exe.*

SCENE II.

Enter Roderigo, *and four Out-laws.*

1 *Out-l.* Captain, you're not merry.
Rod. We get nothing,
We have no ſport; whoring and drinking ſpoils us;
We keep no Guards.
2 *Out-l.* There come no Paſſengers,
Merchants, nor Gentlemen, nor whoſoever,
But we have Tribute.
Rod. And whilſt we ſpend that idly,
We let thoſe paſs that carry the beſt Purchaſe.
I'll have all ſearch'd and brought in; Rogues and Beggars,
Have got the trick now to become Bank-maſters.
I'll have none ſcape; only my Friends, and Neighbours,
That may deliver to the King my Innocence;

Thoſe

Thoſe I would have regarded; 'tis policy.
But otherwiſe nor Gravities, nor Shadows,
Appear they how they will, that may have Purſes,
For they ſhall pay. 3 *Out-l.* Ye ſpeak now like a Captain.
And if we ſpare, flea us, and coin our Caſſocks;
Will ye look blith? *Rod.* You hear no preparation
The King intends againſt us yet? 4 *Out-l.* Not a word, Sir.
Good Man, he's troubled with matter of more moment,
Hummings of higher Nature vex his Brain, Sir;
Do not we ſee his Garriſons? *Rod.* Who are out now?
4 *Out-l.* Good fellows, Sir, that if there be any purchaſe ſtirring
Will ſtrike it dead; *Jaques* and *Lopes*, Lads
That know their Quarters, as they know their Knapſacks;
And will not off.
Rod. Where is the Boy ye brought me?
A pretty Lad, and of a quick Capacity,
And bred up neatly. 1 *Out-l.* He's within at Meat, Sir,
The Knave is hungry; yet he ſeaſons all
He eats or drinks with many Tears and Sighings,
The ſaddeſt Appetite I ever look'd on;
The Boy is young, 'tis fear and want of company
He knows and loves; uſe him not rough, nor harſhly,
He will be quickly bold. *Rod.* I'll entertain him:
I want a pretty Boy to wait upon me,
And when I am ſad or ſleepy, to prate to me;
Beſides there's ſomething in his Face I like well:
And ſtill the more I look, more like; let him want nothing,
And uſe him gently, all. 2 *Out-l.* Here's a ſmall Box, Sir,
We took about him, which he griev'd to part with,
May be ſome Wealth. *Rod.* Alas, ſome little Mony
The poor Knave carried to defray his Lodgings,
I'll give it him again, and add unto it:
'Twere ſin to open ſuch a pretty purchaſe.

Enter Lopes *and* Jaques, *with* Pedro.

How now, who is this? what have you brought me, Soldiers?
Lop. We know not well what; a ſtrange ſtaving Fellow,
Sullen enough I am ſure. *Rod.* Where took ye him?
Jaq. Upon the skirt o'th' Wood, viewing, and gaping,
And ſometime ſtanding ſtill, as if he had meant
To view the beſt acceſſes to our quarters;
Mony he has enough, and when we threaten'd him,
He ſmil'd, and yielded; but not one word utter'd.
Lop. His Habit ſays he's holy; if his Heart
Keep that proportion too, 'tis beſt ye free him,
We keep his Wallet here; I am ſure 'tis heavy.
Rod. Pilgrim, come hither, Sir: Are you a Pilgrim?

A Piece of pretty Holineſs; do you ſhrink, Sir?
A ſmug young Saint. What Country were you born in?
Ye have a *Spaniſh* Face: In a dumb Province?
And had your Mother too this excellent Virtue?
No Tongue, do you ſay? Sure ſhe was a matchleſs Woman;
What a fine Family is this Man ſprung from!
Certain he was begotten in a Calm,
When all was huſht: The Midwife was dumb Midnight;
Are ye ſeal'd up? Or do you ſcorn to anſwer?
Ye are in my Hands, and I have Medicines for ye
Can make ye ſpeak: Pull off his Bonnet, Soldiers;
Ye have a ſpeaking Face. *Lop.* I am ſure a handſome:
This Pilgrim cannot want She-Saints to pray to.
Rod. Stand nearer, ha?
Ped. Come, do your worſt; I am ready.
Rod. Is your Tongue found? Go off, and let me talk with him;
And keep your Watches round.
All. We are ready, Captain. [*Ex. Out-laws.*
Rod. So; now what are ye? *Ped.* Am I?
My Habit ſhews me what I am. *Rod.* Thy Heart,
A deſperate Fool, and ſo thy Fate ſhall tell thee;
What Devil brought thee hither? for I know thee.
Ped. I know thou doſt; and ſince it is my Fortune
To light into thy Fingers, I muſt think too
The moſt malicious of all Devils brought me.
Yet ſome Men ſay thou art noble. *Rod.* Not to thee,
That were a Benefit to mock the Giver:
Thy Father hates my Friends, and Family,
And thou haſt been the Heir of all this Malice.
Can two ſuch Storms meet then, and part with kiſſing?
Ped. You have the mightier Hand. *Rod.* And ſo I'll uſe it.
Ped. I cannot hinder ye; leſs can I beg
Submiſſive at his Knees that knows not Honour;
That bears the Stamp of Man, and not his Nature;
Ye may do what ye pleaſe. *Rod.* I will do all.
Ped. And when you have done all, which is my poor Ruin,
(For farther your baſe Malice cannot venture)
Diſhonour's ſelf will cry you out a Coward.
Hadſt thou been brave, and noble, and an Enemy,
Thou wouldſt have fought me whilſt I carried Arms,
Whilſt my good Sword was my profeſſion,
And then have cried out, *Pedro*, I defie thee;
Then ſtuck *Alphonſo*'s Quarrel on the Point,
The mercenary Anger thou ſerv'ſt under
To get his Daughter. Then thou ſhould'ſt have brav'd me,
And arm'd with all thy Family's hate upon me,
Done ſomething worthy feat: Now poor and baſely

Thou ſet'ſt Toyles to betray me; and like the Peaſant,
That dares not meet the Lyon in the Face,
Dig'ſt crafty Pit-falls: Thou ſham'ſt the *Spaniſh* Honour:
Thou haſt neither point of Man, nor Conſcience in thee.
Rod. Sir, Sir, you're brave; ye plead now in a Sanctuary;
You think your Pilgrim's Bulwark can defend ye;
You will not find it ſo. *Ped.* I look not for't.
The more unhallow'd Soul haſt thou to offer it.
Rod. When you were braveſt, Sir, and your Sword ſharpeſt,
I durſt affront ye, when the Court Sun gilded ye,
And every cry was the young hopeful *Pedro*,
Alonſo's ſprightly Son; then durſt I meet ye,
When you were Maſter of this Fame, and Faſhion,
And all your Glories in the full Meridian,
The King's Proof-favour buckled on your Body;
Had we then come to Competition,
Which I have often ſought ——— *Ped.* And I deſired too.
Rod. You ſhould have ſeen this Sword, howe'er you ſlight it,
And felt it too; ſharper than Sorrow felt it,
In execution quicker than thy Scorns;
Thou ſhould'ſt have ſeen all this, and ſhrunk to ſee it.
Then like a Gentleman I would have us'd thee,
And given thee the fair fortune of thy Being,
Then with a Soldier's Arm I had honour'd thee;
But ſince thou ſteal'ſt upon me like a Spy,
And Thief-like think'ſt that holy Caſe ſhall carry thee
Through all my purpoſes, and ſo betray me,
Baſe as you act, thy End be, and I forget thee.
Ped. What poor Evaſions thou build'ſt on, to abuſe me?
The goodneſs of a Man ne'er taught theſe Principles.
I come a Spy? Durſt any noble Spirit
Put on this Habit, to become a Traitor?
Even in an Enemy ſhew me this Antipathy
Where there is Chriſtian Faith, and this not reverenced:
I come a Spy? No *Roderigo*, no.
A Hater of thy Perſon, a Maligner?
So far from that, I brought no Malice with me,
But rather when I meet thee, Tears ſo ſoften thee;
When I put on this Habit, I put off
All Fires, all Angers, all theſe ſtarts of Youth
That clapt too rank a Biaſs to my Being,
And drew me from the right Mark all ſhould aim at!
Inſtead of ſtubborn Steel, I put on Prayers;
For raſh and haſty Heats, a ſweet Repentance:
Long weary Steps, and Vows, for my Vain-glories.
O *Roderigo*.

Rod.

Rod. If thy Tongue could ſave thee,
Prating be thy Bail, thou haſt a rare Benefit.
Soldiers, come out, and bring a Halter with ye;
I'll forgive your holy Habit, Sir, but I'll hang you.
Enter Out-laws, Lopes, *and* Jaques.
1 *Out-l.* Wherefore this Halter, Captain?
Rod. For this Traitor.
Go, put it on him, and then tie him up.
1 *Out-l.* Do you want a Band, Sir? This is a courſe wearing,
'Twill ſit but ſcurvily upon this Collar;
But Patience is as good as a *French* Pickadel.
Lop. What's his fault, Captain? *Rod.* 'Tis my Will he periſh,
And that's his Fault. *Ped.* A Captain of good Government.
Come, Soldiers, come, ye are roughly bred, and bloody;
Shew your Obedience, and the joy ye take
In executing impious Commands;
Ye have a Captain ſeals your liberal Pardons,
Be no more Chriſtians, put Religion by,
'Twill make ye Cowards; feel no tenderneſs,
Nor let a thing call'd Conſcience trouble ye;
Alas, 'twill breed delay. Bear no reſpect
To what I ſeem; were I a Saint indeed,
Why ſhould that ſtagger ye? You know not Holineſs:
To be excellent in Evil, is your Goodneſs;
And be ſo, 'twill become ye; have no Hearts,
For fear you ſhould repent; that will be dangerous;
For if there be a knocking there, a pricking,
And that Pulſe beat back to your conſiderations,
How ye have laid a ſtiff hand on Religion——
Rod. Truſs him, I ſay. *Ped.* And violated Faith——
Rod. Hear him not prate.
Ped. Why, what a thing will this be?
What ſtrange confuſion then will breed among ye?
Rod. Will none of ye obey? *Ped.* What Devils vex ye?
The fears ye live in, and the hourly dangers
Will be delights to theſe: Thoſe have their ends,
But theſe outlive all Time, and all Repentance:
And if it creep into your Conſcience once,
Beſure ye lock that cloſe. *Rod.* Why ſtand ye gazing?
Ped. Farewel Sleep, Peace, all that are human Comforts,
Better ye had been Trees, or Stones, and happier;
For thoſe die here, and ſeek no further Being,
Nor Hopes, nor Puniſhments. *Rod.* Rots take ye, Raſcals.
Jaq. What would you have us do? *Rod.* Diſpatch the Prater.
Jaq. And have religious Blood hang on our Conſciences?
We are bad enough already: Sins enough

To make our Graves even loath us. *Rod.* No Man love me?
Lop. Although I be a Thief, I am no Hangman;
They are two Men's Trades, and let another Execute.
Lay violent Hands on holy Things? *Rod.* Base Cowards,
Put to your Powers, ye Rascals, I command ye.
Holy, or unholy, if I say it,
I'll have it done. 1 *Out-l.* If I do it, let me starve for't.
2 *Out-l.* Or I.
3 *Out-l.* Or I: We will obey things handsome,
And bad enough, and over do Obedience,
But to be made such instruments of Mischief.
Jaq. I have done as many Villanies as another,
And with as little Reluctation,
Let me come clear of these, and wipe that score off.
Put me upon a felt and known Perdition?
Rod. Have ye conspir'd, ye Slaves?
Fed. How wildly this shows,
In one that would command another's Temper,
And bear no bound in's own? *Rod.* Am I thus jaded?
Ped. Is it my Life thou long'st for, *Roderigo?*
And can no Sacrifice appease thy Malice,
But my Blood spilt? Do it thy self, dispatch it;
And as thou take'st the whole Revenge unto thee,
Take the whole Sin upon thee, and be mighty,
Mighty in Evil, as thou art in Anger:
And let not these poor Wretches houl for thy sake.
Those things that in thine own Glass seem most Monstrous,
Would'st thou abuse their weak sights with, for amiable?
Is it, thou think'st to fear me with thy Terrors,
And into weak condition draw my Virtue?
If I were now to learn to die, I would sue to thee;
Or did I fear Death, then I would make thee Glorious.
But knowing what, and how far I can suffer,
And all my whole Life being but Death's Preface,
My Sleep but at next Door. *Rod.* Are ye so valiant?
I'll make ye feel; I'll make ye know, and feel too;
And Rascals, you shall tremble. Keep him here,
And keep him safe too; if he 'scape your Guards——
Ped. Fear not, I will not. *Rod.* As I live, ye die for't.
I will not be thus baffled. [*Exit.*
Jaq. What a Devil have ye done, Pilgrim? Or what Mischief have you conspir'd, that he should rage and rave thus? Have you kill'd his Father, or his Mother? Or strangled any of his Kindred?
Lop. Has he no Sisters? Have you not been bouncing about their Belly-pieces?
Jaq. Why should that be dangerous,

Or

Or any way deſerve Death? Is it not Natural?
Bar us the Chriſtian liberty of Women,
And build us up with Brick, take away our Free-ſtone.

1 *Out-l.* Becauſe thou art holier than he, upon my Conſcience he do's not envy thee: That's not his quarrel; For, look you, that might be compounded without Prayers.

Lop. Nor that thou ſeem'ſt an honeſter Man; for here we have no trading with ſuch Tinſel-ſtuff; to be an excellent Thief, is all we aim at. Wilt thou take a ſpit and ſtride, and ſee if thou canſt out-run us?

Ped. I ſcorn to ſhift his Fury; keep your Obedience;
For though your Government admit no Preſident,
Keep your ſelves careful in't. *Jaq.* Thou wilt be hang'd then.

Ped. I cannot die with fewer faults upon me.

2 *Out-l.* 'Tis ten to one he will ſhoot him: For the Devil's in him
If he hang him himſelf.

Lop. He has too proud a Nature;
He will compel ſome one.

Jaq. I am confident. *Lop.* And ſo are all, I think.

Ped. Be not moleſted,
If I muſt die, let it not trouble you;
It ſtirs not me: It is the end I was born for.
Only this honeſt Office I deſire ye,
If there be courteſie in Men of your Breed,
To ſee me buried; not to let his Fury
Expoſe my Body to the open violence
Of Beaſts, and Fowls; ſo far I urge Humanity.

Enter Roderigo, *and* Alinda.

Jaq. He ſhall not deny us that; we'll ſee ye under Ground,
And give ye a volley of as good Cups of Sack,
For that's our Diſcipline. *Lop.* He comes again,
As high in rage as ever; the Boy with him.

1 *Out-l.* Will he compel the Child? *Lop.* He is bent to do it;
And muſt have ſome Body. *Rod.* If thou lov'ſt me, do it;
Love me, or love me not, I ſay thou ſhalt do it:
Stare not, nor ſtagger, Sirrah; if ye deny me,
Do you ſee this, Rogue?

Alin. What would ye have me do, Sir?
Heav'n's goodneſs bleſs me. *Rod.* Do? Why hang a Raſcal,
That would hang me. *Alin.* I am a Boy, and weak, Sir.

Rod. Thou art ſtrong enough to tie him to a Bough,
And turn him off; come, thou ſhalt be my Jewel,
And I'll allow thee Horſe, and all thy Pleaſures,
And twenty gallant things; I'll teach thee Arms too;
Make thee mine Heir. *Alin.* Let me inherit Death firſt.

Rod. Make me not angry, Sirrah. *Alin.* Which is the Man, Sir?

I'll

I'll pluck up the beſt Heart I can yet. *Rod.* Fear not,
It is my Will: That in the Pilgrim's Coat there,
That Devil in the Saint's Skin. *Alin.* Guard me, Goodneſs.
Rod. Diſpatch him preſently. *Ped.* I wait your worſt, Sir.
Jaq. Will the Boy do it? Is the Rogue ſo confident?
So young, ſo deep in Blood? *Lop.* He ſhakes, and trembles.
Ped. Doſt thou ſeek more Coals ſtill to fear thy Conſcience,
Work ſacred Innocence, to be a Devil?
Do it thy ſelf for ſhame, thou beſt becom'ſt it.
Rod. Sirrah, I ſcorn my Finger ſhould be fil'd with thee,
And yet I'll have it done; this Child ſhall ſtrangle thee,
A crying Girl, if ſhe were here, ſhould maſter thee.
Alin. How ſhould I ſave him? How my ſelf from violence?
Ped. Leave your Tongue-valour, and diſpatch your Hate, Sir;
The patience of my Death, ſhall more torment thee,
Thou painted Honour, thou baſe Man made backward,
Than all my Life has fear'd thee. *Rod.* Gag him, Sirrah.
Jaq. The Boy looks cheerfully now; ſure he will do it.
Lop. He will maul him elſe. *Alin.* Are ye prepar'd to die, Sir?
Ped. Yes Boy, and ready; prethee to thy Buſineſs.
Alin. Why are ye then ſo angry? So perplex'd, Sir?
Patience wins Heav'n, and not the heat of Paſſion.
Why do you rail? *Lop.* The Boy's a pretty Prieſt.
Ped. I thank ye gentle Child, you teach me truly.
Alin. You ſeem to fear too.
Ped. Thou ſee'ſt more, than I feel, Boy.
Alin. You tremble ſure,
Ped. No ſure Boy, 'tis thy tenderneſs;
Prethee make haſte, and let that Gulph be ſatisfied.
Alin. Are ye ſo willing to go to it? *Ped.* Moſt willing:
I would not borrow from his Courteſie
One hour of Life, to gain an age of Glory.
Alin. And is your reckoning ſtraight, Sir?
Ped. As ſtraight as Truth, Boy;
I cannot go more joyfully to a Wedding.
Alin. Then to your Prayers, I'll diſpatch ye preſently.
Now guide my Tongue, thou Bleſſedneſs.
Rod. A good Boy.
Alin. But hark ye, Sir, one word; and pray ye reſolve me.
Let me ſpeak privately.
Rod. What would'ſt thou have, Child?
Alin. Shall this Man die?
Rod. Why doſt thou make that queſtion?
Alin. Pray be not angry; if he muſt, I'll do it.
But muſt he now?
Rod. What elſe? Who dare reprieve him?

Alin.

Alin. Pray ye think again; and as your Injuries
Are great, and full, you ſuffer from this Fellow,
Do not ye purpoſe ſo to ſuit your Vengeance?
Rod. I do, and muſt. *Alin.* You cannot, if he die now.
Rod, Cannot?
Alin. No, cannot; be not vex'd, you'll find it:
I have conſider'd, and I know it certain,
Ye ſuffer below him: loſe all your angers.
Rod. Why, my beſt Boy? *Alin.* I love and tender ye,
I would not tell ye elſe. Is that Revenge,
To ſlight your Cauſe, and Saint your Enemy,
Clap the Dove's Wings of downy Peace unto him,
And let him ſoar to Heav'n, whilſt you are ſighing?
Is this Revenge? *Rod.* I would have him die.
Alin. Prepar'd thus?
The Bleſſing of a Father never reach'd it:
His Contemplation now ſcorns ye, contemns ye,
And all the Tortures ye can uſe. Let him die thus,
And theſe that know and love Revenge will laugh at ye:
Here lyes the honour of a well-bred Anger,
To make his Enemy ſhake and tremble under him;
Doubt, nay, almoſt deſpair, and then confound him.
This Man ye rock aſleep, and all your Rages
Are Requiems to his parting Soul, meer Anthems.
Rod. Indeed he is ſtrongly built. *Alin.* You cannot ſhake him;
And the more weight ye put on his Foundation,
Now as he ſtands, ye fix him ſtill the ſtronger;
If ye love him, honour him, would heap upon him
Friendſhips and Benefits beyond Example,
Hope him a Star in Heav'n, and there would ſtick him,
Now take his Life. *Rod.* I had rather take mine own, Boy.
Alin. I'll eaſe him preſently. *Rod.* Stay, be not haſty.
Alin. Bleſs my Tongue ſtill.
Lop. What has the Boy done to him?
How dull and ſtill he looks? *Alin.* You are a wiſe Man,
And long have buckled with the World's extremities,
A valiant Man, and no doubt know both fortunes,
And would ye work your Maſter-piece thus madly,
Take the bare name of Honour, that will pity ye,
When the World knows ye have prey'd on a poor Pilgrim?
Rod. The Boy has ſtagger'd me: What wouldſt thou have me?
Alin. Have ye? do you not feel, Sir? does it not ſtir ye?
Do you ask a Child? I would have ye do moſt bravely,
Becauſe I moſt affect ye: Like your ſelf, Sir.
Scorn him, and let him go; ſeem to contemn him,
And now ye have made him ſhake, ſeal him his Pardon;

When

When he appears a Subject fit for Anger,
And fit for you, his pious Armour off,
His hopes no higher than your Sword may reach at,
Then ſtrike, and then ye know Revenge, then take it.
I hope I have turn'd his Mind. *Rod.* Let the Fool go there,
I ſcorn to let looſe ſo baſe an Anger
May light on thee: See me no more, but quit me,
And when we meet again. *Ped.* I'll thank ye, Captain. [*Exit.*
Alin. Why this was like your ſelf: But which way goes he?
Shall we ne'er happy meet? *Rod.* I am drowſie, Boy,
Go with me, and diſcourſe; I like thy Company,
O Child! I love thy Tongue. *Alin.* I ſhall wait on ye. [*Exe.*
Lop. The Boy has don't; a plaguy witty Raſcal,
And I ſhall love him terribly. *Jaq.* 'Twas he moſt certain,
For if ye mark, how earneſt he was with him,
And how he labour'd him. *Lop.* A cunning Villain,
But a good Rogue: This Boy will make's all honeſt.
1 *Out-l.* I ſcarce believe that; but I like the Boy well:
Come, let's to Supper; then upon our Watches.
Lop. This Pilgrim ſcap'd a joyful one. *Jaq.* Let's Drink round,
To the Boy's Health, and then about our buſineſs. [*Exe.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Roderigo, Jaques, Lopes, *and three Out-laws.*

Rod. NOne of you know her?
Jaq. Alas, Sir, we never ſaw her,
Nor ever heard of her, but from your Report.
Rod. No happy Eye? *Lop.* I do not think 'tis ſhe, Sir,
Methinks a Woman dares not. *Rod.* Thou ſpeak'ſt poorly,
What dares not Woman, when ſhe is provok'd?
Or what ſeems dangerous to Love, or Fury?
That it is ſhe, this has confirm'd me certain,
Theſe Jewels here, a part of which I ſent her,
And though unwilling, yet her Father wrought her
To take and wear. *Lop.* A Wench, and we not know it?
And among us? where were our Underſtandings?
I could have gueſs'd unhappily, have had ſome feeling
In ſuch a matter: Here are as pretty Fellows,
At the diſcovery of ſuch a Jigambob:
A handſome Wench too? ſure we have loſt our faculties,
We have no motions: What ſhould ſhe do here, Sir?
Rod. That's it that troubles me: O that baſe Raſcal!

There

There lyes the misery: How cunningly she quit him,
And how she urg'd? Had ye been constant to me,
I ne'er had suffer'd this. 1 *Out-l.* Ye might have hang'd him;
And would he had been hang'd, that's all we care for't,
So our Hands had not don't. *Rod.* She is gone again too,
And what care have ye for that? gone, and contemn'd me;
Master'd my will, and power, and now laughs at me.
Lop. The Devil that brought her hither, Sir, I think
Has carried her back again invisible,
For we ne'er knew nor heard of her Departure.
Jaq. No living thing came this Night through our Watches;
She went with you. *Rod.* Was by me 'till I slept,
But when I wak'd, and call'd: O my dull Pate here,
If I had open'd this when it was given me,
This Roguy Box.

Enter Alphonso, *and two Out-laws.*

Lop. We could but give it ye.
Rod. Pilgrim? a Pox O Pilgrims, there the Game goes,
There's all my Fortune fled; I know it, I feel it.
Alph. Bring me unto thy Captain; where's thy Captain?
I am founder'd, melted, some fairy thing or other
Has led me dancing; the Devil has haunted me
I'th' Likeness of a Voice; give me thy Captain.
2 *Out-l.* He's here, Sir, there he stands.
Alph. How dost thou, Captain?
I have been fool'd and jaded, made a dog-Bolt.
My Daughter's run away: I have been haunted too,
I have lost my Horse; I am hungry, and out of my Wits also.
Rod Come in; I'll tell you what I know; strange things,
And take your Ease; I'll follow her Recovery;
These shall be yours the whilst, and do ye Service.
Alph. Let me have Drink enough, I am almost choak'd too.
Rod. You shall have any thing; what think you now, Soldiers?
Jaq. I think a Woman, is a Woman that's any thing:
The next we take, we'll search a little nearer,
We'll not be boy'd again with a pair of Breeches. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Juletta.

Jul. He's gone in here: This is *Roderigo*'s Quarter,
And I'll be with him soon, I'll startle him,
A little better than I have done: All this long Night
I have led him out o'th' way, to try his Patience,
And made him swear, and curse, and pray, and swear again,

And cry for Anger; I made him leave his Horſe too,
Where he can never find him more; whiſtled to him,
And then he would run through thick and thin to reach me,
And down in this Ditch, up again, and ſhake him,
And ſwear ſome certain Bleſſings; then into that Buſh
Pop goes his Pate, and all his Face is comb'd over,
And I ſit laughing: A hundred Tricks I have ſerv'd him,
And I will double 'em, before I leave him;
I'll teach his Anger to diſpute with Women;
But all this time I cannot meet my Miſtreſs,
I cannot come to comfort her, that grieves me,
For ſure ſhe is much afflicted; 'till I do,
I'll haunt thy Ghoſt, *Alphonſo*; I'll keep thee waking:
Yes, I muſt get a Drum: I am villanous weary,
And yet I'll trot about theſe Villages
'Till I have got my Will, and then have at ye,
I'll make your Anger drop out at your Elbows, e'er I leave ye.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Seberto, *and* Curio.

Seb. 'Tis ſtrange, in all the Circuit we have ridden,
We cannot croſs her; no way light upon her.
Cur. I do not think ſhe is gone thus far, or this way,
For certain if ſhe had, we ſhould have reach'd her,
Made ſome Diſcovery, heard ſome News; we have ſeen nothing.
Seb. Nor paſs by any Body that could promiſe any thing.
She is certainly diſguiſed, her Modeſty
Durſt never venture elſe. *Cur.* Let her take any Shape,
And let me ſee it once, I can diſtinguiſh it.
Seb. So ſhould I think too; has not her Father found her?
Cur No, I'll be hang'd then; he has no Patience,
Unleſs ſhe light in's Teeth, to look about him.
He gueſſes now, and chafes, and frets like Tinſel.
Seb. Let him go on, he cannot live without it,
But keep her from him, Heav'n; Where are we, *Curio*?
Cur. In a Wood I think, hang me if I know elſe,
And yet I have ridden all theſe Coaſts at all Hours,
And had an aim, *Seb.* I would we had a Guide.
Cur. And if I be not much awry, *Seberto*,
Not far off ſhould be *Roderigo*'s Quarter,
For in this Faſtneſs, if I be not cozen'd,
He and his Out-laws live. *Seb.* This is the place then,
We appointed him to meet in.

Enter

Enter Alinda.

Cur. Yes, I think ſo.
Seb. Would we could meet ſome living Thing: What's that there?
Cur. A Boy, I think; ſtay, why may not he direct us?
Alin. I am hungry, and I am weary, and I cannot find him.
Keep my wits, Heav'n, I feel 'em wavering:
O God, my Head.
Seb. Boy, doſt thou hear, thou Stripling?
Alin. Now they will tear me, torture me, now *Roderigo*!
Will hang him without mercy; ha. *Cur.* Come hither:
A very pretty Boy; what place is this, Child?
And whither doſt thou travel? how he ſtares!
Some ſtubborn Maſter has abus'd the Boy,
And beaten him: How he complains! whither goeſt thou?
Alin. I go to *Segonia*, Sir, to my ſick Mother.
I have been taken here by drunken Thieves,
And (O my Bones) I have been beaten, Sir,
Miſ-us'd, and rob'd; extreamly beaten, Gentlemen.
O God, my ſide! *Seb.* What Beaſts would uſe a Boy thus?
Look up, and be of good cheer. *Alin.* O, I cannot.
My Back, my Back, my Back. *Cur.* What Thieves?
Alin. I know not, but they call the Captain *Roderigo*.
Cur. Look ye, I knew we were thereabouts.
Seb. Doſt thou want any thing?
Alin. Nothing but eaſe, but eaſe, Sir. *Cur.* There's ſome Mony,
And get thee to thy Mother. *Alin.* I thank ye, Gentlemen.
Seb. This was extreamly foul, to vex a Child thus.
Come, let's along, we cannot loſe our way now. [*Exe.*
Alin. Though ye are honeſt Men, I fear your Fingers,
And glad I am got off; O how I tremble!
Send me but once within his Arms, dear Fortune,
And then come all the World: What ſhall I do now?
'Tis almoſt Night again, and where to lodge me,
Or get me Meat, or any thing, I know not;
Theſe wild Woods, and the Fancies I have in me,
Will run me mad.

Enter Juletta.

Jul. Boy, Boy. *Alin.* More ſet to take me?
Jul. Doſt thou hear, Boy, thou Pointer.
Alin. 'Tis a Boy too,
A Lacky Boy; I need not fear his fierceneſs.
Jul. Canſt thou beat a Drum? *Alin.* A Drum?
Jul. This thing, a Drum here.
Didſt thou never ſee a Drum? Canſt thou make this grumble?
Alin. Juletta's Face and Tongue; Is ſhe run mad too?
Here may be double craft. I have no skill in't.

Jul. I'll give thee a Ryal but to go along with me.
Alin. I care not for thy Ryal, I have other buſineſs,
Drum to thy ſelf, and dance to it. *Jul.* Sirrah, Sirrah,
Thou ſcurvy Sirtah; thou ſnotty-nos'd Scab, do'ſt thou hear me?
If I lay down my Drum.

Enter Roderigo, *and two Out-laws.*

Alin. Here comes more Company,
I fear a Plot, Heav'n ſend me fairly from it. [*Exit.*
Jul. Baſto, who's here?
Lop. Captain, do you need me farther?
Rod. No not a foot: give me the Gown; the Sword now.
Jul. This is the Devil Thief, and if he take me,
Woe be to my Gally-gaskins. *Lop.* Certain, Sir,
She will take her Patches off, and change her Habit.
Rod. Let her do what ſhe pleaſe: No, no, *Alinda*,
You cannot cozen me again in a Boy's Figure,
Nor hide the Beauty of that Face in Patches,
But I ſhall know it. *Jul.* A Boy, his Face in Patches?
Rod. Nor ſhall your Tongue again bewitch mine Anger.
If ſhe be found i'th' Woods, ſend me word preſently,
And I'll return; ſhe cannot be far gone yet,
If ſhe be not, expect me, when ye ſee me;
Uſe all your Service to my Friend *Alphonſo*,
And have a care to your buſineſs: Farewel,
No more, farewel. [*Exeunt.*
Jul. I am heartily glad thou art gone yet.
This Boy in Patches was the Boy came by me,
The very ſame, how haſtily it ſhifted?
What a mop-ey'd Aſs was I, I could not know her;
This muſt be ſhe, this is ſhe, now I remember her,
How loth ſhe was to talk too, how ſhe fear'd me?
I could now piſs mine Eyes out for meer anger:
I'll follow her, but who ſhall vex her Father then?
One flurt at him, then I am for the Voyage,
If I can croſs the Captain too: Come Tabor. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Jaques, *and one Out-law.*

Jaq. Are they all ſet? 1 *Out-l.* All, and each quarter quiet.
Jaq. Is the old Man aſleep? 1 *Out-l.* An hour ago, Sir.
Jaq. We muſt be very careful in his abſence,
And very watchful. 1 *Out-l.* It concerns us nearly,
He will not be long from us. *Jaq.* No, he cannot.
1 *Out-l.* A little heat of Love, which he muſt wander out.
[*Drum afar off.*

And

And then again: hark. *Jaq.* What?
1 *Out-l.* 'Tis not the Wind, ſure:
That's ſtill and calm, no noiſe, nor flux of Waters.
Jaq. I hear a Drum, I think.
1 *Out-l.* That, that; It beats again now.
Jaq. Now it comes nearer: Sure we are ſurpriz'd, Sir;
Some from the King's Command; we are loſt, we are dead all.
1 *Out-l.* Hark, hark, a Charge now: My Captain has betray'd us,
And left us to this Ruin, run away from us.

Enter two Out laws.

Lop. Another beats o' that ſide: 2 *Out-l.* Fly, fly, *Jaques*,
We are taken in a Toil, ſnapt in a Pitfal;
Methinks I feel a Sword already ſhave me.
3 *Out-l.* A thouſand Horſe and Foot, a thouſand Pioneers,
If we get under Ground, to fetch us out again;
And every one an Ax to cut the Woods down.
Lop. This is the diſmal'ſt Night——— [*Exit.*

Enter Alphonſo.

Alph. Where is my Nag now?
And what make I here to be hang'd? What Devil
Brought me into this danger? Is there ne'er a Hole,
That I may creep in deep enough, and die quickly?
Ne'er an old Ditch to choke in? I ſhall be taken
For their Commander now, their General,
And a commanding Gallows ſet up for me
As high as a May-pole, and naſty Songs made on me;
Be printed with a Pint-pot and a Dagger.
They are all kill'd by this time: Can I pray?
Let me ſee that firſt, I have too much fear to be Faithful.
Where's all my State now? I muſt go hunt for Daughters;
Daughters, and Damſels of the Lake, damned Daughters.
A hundred Crowns for a good tod of Hay,
Or a fine hollow Tree, that would contain me;
I hear 'em coming; I feel the Nooze about me.

Enter Seberto, Curio, *Out-laws, and* Jaques.

Seb. Why do you fear, and fly? Here are no Soldiers,
None from the King to vex ye.
1 *Out-l.* The Drum, the Drum, Sir.
Cur. I never ſaw ſuch Pigeon-hearted People:
What Drum? what Danger? Who's that that ſhakes behind there?
Mercy upon me Sir, why are ye fear'd thus?
Alph. Are we all kill'd, no mercy to be hop'd for?
Am I not ſhot, do you think?
Seb. You are ſtrangely frighted,
Shot with a fiddle Stick; who's here to ſhoot ye?
A Drum we ſaw indeed, a Boy was beating it,
And hunting Squirrels by Moon-light.

Lop.

Lop. Nothing else, Sir?
Cur. Not any thing; no other Person stirring.
Alph. O that I had that Boy; this is that Devil,
That fairy Rogue, that haunted me last Night;
H'as Sleeves like Dragon's Wings. *Seb.* A little Foot-boy.
Alph. Come, let's go in, and let me get my Cloaths on;
If e'er I stay here more to be thus martyr'd———
Did ye not meet the Wench? *Seb.* No sure, we met her not.
Alph. She has been here in Boys Apparel, Gentlemen,
A gallant thing, and famous for a Gentlewoman,
And all her Face patch'd over for discovery;
A Pilgrim too, and thereby hangs a Circumstance,
That she hath play'd her Master-prize, a rare one.
I came too short. *Cur.* Such a young Boy we met, Sir.
Alph. In a gray Hat. *Cur.* The same; his Face all patch'd too.
Alph. 'Twas she, a rot run with her; she, that rank she:
Walk in, I'll tell ye all; and then we'll part again.
But get some store of Wine; this fright sits here yet. [*Ex.*

Enter Juletta.

Jul. What a fright I have put 'em in; what a brave hurry.
If this do bolt him, I'll be with him again
With a new part, was never play'd; I'll ferk him.
As he hunts her, so I'll hunt him: I'll claw him.
Now will I see if I can cross her footing:
Yet still I'll watch his Water, he shall pay for't;
And when he thinks most Malice, and means worse,
I'll make him know the Mare's the better Horse. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Pedro, *and a Gentleman.*

Gent. Ye are a Stranger, Sir, and for Humanity,
Being come within our Walls, I would shew you something.
Ye have seen the Castle? *Ped* Yes Sir, 'tis a strong one,
And well maintain'd. *Gent.* Why are you still thus sad, Sir?
How do ye like the Walks? *Ped.* They are very pleasant;
Your Town stands cool and sweet. *Gent.* But that I would not
Affect you with more sadness, I could shew ye
A place worth view. *Ped.* Shows seldom alter me, Sir;
Pray ye speak it, and then shew it. *Gent.* 'Tis a House here
Where People of all sorts, that have been visited
With Lunacies and Follies, wait their Cures;
There Fancies of a thousand Stamps and Fashions,
Like Flies in several shapes, buz round about ye,
And twice as many Gestures; some of pity,

That

That it would make ye melt to see their Passions:
And some as light again, that would content ye.
But I see, Sir, your Temper is too modest,
Too much inclin'd to Contemplation,
To meet with these?

Ped. You could not please me better;
And I beseech you, Sir, do me the Honour
To let me wait upon ye. *Gent.* Since ye are willing,
To me it shall be a pleasure to conduct ye.

Ped. I never had such a mind yet to see Misery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter two Keepers.

1 *Keep.* Carry mad *Bess* some Meat, she rores like Thunder;
And tie the Parson short, the Moon's i'th' Full,
H'as a thousand Pigs in's Brains: Who looks to the Prentice?
Keep him from Women, he thinks ha's lost his Mistress;
And talk of no Silk Stuffs, 'twill run him horn mad.

2 *Keep.* The Justice keeps such a stir yonder with his Charges,
And such a coil with Warrants.

1 *Keep.* Take away his Statutes;
The Devil has possest him in the likeness
Of penal Laws: Keep him from *Aqua-vitæ*,
For if that Spirit creep into his *Corum*.
He will commit us all; how is it with the Scholar?

2 *Keep.* For any thing I see, he's in his right Witts.

1 *Keep.* Thou art an Ass; in's right Wits, goodman Coxcomb?
As though any Man durst be in's right Wits, and be here.
It is as much as we dare be, that keep 'em.

Enter English *Madman.*

Engl. Give me some Drink.

1 *Keep.* O, there's the *English* Man.

Engl. Fill me a thousand Pots, and froth 'em, froth 'em.
Down o' your Knees, ye Rogues, and pledge me roundly,
One, two, three, and four; we shall be all merry within this Hour.
To the great *Turk*.

1 *Keep.* Peace, peace, thou Heathen Drunkard;
These *English* are so Malt-mad, there's no medling with 'em;
When they have a fruitful year of Barley there,
All the whole Island's thus.

Engl. A Snuff, a snuff, a snuff.
A lewd notorious Snuff; give't him again, Boy.

Enter She-fool.

Fool. God-ye-good even, Goffer.

2 *Keep.* Who let the Fool loose?

1 *Keep.*

1 *Keep.* If any of the Madmen take her, ſhe is pepper'd,
They'll bounce her Loyns.
Fool. Will ye walk into the Coal-houſe?
1 *Keep.* She is as leacherous too as a She-ferret.
2 *Keep.* Who a vengeance looks to her? Go in *Kate*,
I'll give thee a fine Apple.
Fool. Will ye buſs me,
And tickle me, and make me Laugh?
1 *Keep.* I'll whip ye.
Engl. Fool, Fool, come up to me, Fool.
Fool. Are ye peeping?
Engl. I'll get thee with five Fools.
Fool. O fine, O dainty.
Engl. And thou ſhalt lye in a Horſe-cloth, like a La dy.
Fool. And ſhall I have a Coach?
Engl. Drawn with four Turkeys,
And they ſhall tread thee too.
Fool. We ſhall have Eggs then,
And ſhall I ſit upon 'em?
Engl. Ay, ay, and they ſhall be addle,
And make an admirable Tanzey for the Devil.
Come come away, I am taken with thy love, Fool,
And will mightily belabour thee.
1 *Keep.* How the Fool bridles? How ſhe twitters at him?
Theſe *Engliſhmen* would ſtagger a wiſe Woman.
If we ſhould ſuffer her to have her will now,
We ſhould have all the Women in *Spain* as mad as ſhe here. (her!
2 *Keep.* They would ſtrive who ſhould be moſt Fool; away with
Enter Maſter, three Gentlemen, a mad Scholar, and Pedro.
Fool. Pray ye ſtay a little: Let's hear him ſing, ha's a fine Breaſt.
1 *Keep.* Here comes my Maſter; to the ſpit, ye Whore,
And ſtir no more abroad, but tend your buſineſs;
You ſhall have no more ſops i'th' Pan elſe, nor no Porridge:
Beſides, I'll whip your Breech. *Fool.* I'll go in preſently.
1 *Gent.* I'll aſſure ye Sir, the Cardinal's very angry with ye
For keeping this young Man. *Maſt.* I am heartily ſorry.
If ye allow him ſound, pray ye take him with ye.
1 *Gent.* This is the place, and now obſerve their Humours.
2 *Gent.* We can find nothing in him light, nor tainted;
No ſtartings, nor no rubs, in all his Anſwers,
In all his Letters nothing but Diſcretion,
Learning, and handſome Stile.
Maſt. Be not deceiv'd, Sir,
Mark but his look.
1 *Gent.* His Grief, and his Impriſonment,
May ſtamp that there.

Maſt.

Maſt. Pray talk with him again then.
2 *Gent.* That will be needleſs, we have tried him long enough,
And if he had a taint we ſhould have met with't.
Yet to diſcharge your Care——— *Ped.* A ſober Youth:
Pity ſo heavy a croſs ſhould light upon him.
2 *Gent.* You find no Sickneſs?
Schol. None Sir, I thank Heav'n,
Nor nothing that diverts my Underſtanding.
1 *Gent.* Do you ſleep a-nights?
Schol. As ſound, and ſweet, as any Man.
2 *Gent.* Have ye no fearful Dreams?
Schol. Sometimes, as all have
That go to Bed with raw and windy Stomachs;
Elſe, I am all one piece. 1 *Gen.* Is there no Unkindneſs
You have conceiv'd from any Friend or Parent?
Or Scorn from what ye lov'd? *Schol.* No, truly, Sir:
I never yet was Maſter of a Faith
So poor, and weak, to doubt my Friend or Kindred;
And what Love is, unleſs it lye in Learning,
I think I am ignorant. 1 *Gent.* This Man is perfect,
A civiller Diſcourſer I ne'er talk'd with.
Maſt. You'll find it otherwiſe. 2 *Gent.* I muſt tell ye true, Sir,
I think ye keep him here to teach him Madneſs.
Here's his diſcharge from my Lord Cardinal;
And come Sir, go with us. *Schol.* I am bound unto ye,
And farewel Maſter. *Maſt.* Farewel, *Stephano*;
Alas poor Man.
1 *Gent.* What flaws and whirles of Weather,
Or rather Storms, have been aloſt theſe three Days;
How dark, and hot, and full of Mutiny!
And ſtill grows louder. *Maſt.* It has been ſtubborn Weather.
2 *Gent.* Strange Work at Sea, I fear me there's old tumbling.
1 *Gent.* Bleſs my old Uncle's Bark, I have a Venture.
2 *Gent.* And I more than I would wiſh to loſe.
Schol. Do you fear? 2 *Gent.* Ha! how he looks?
Maſt. Nay, mark him better, Gentlemen.
2 *Gent.* Mercy upon me, how his Eyes are alter'd?
Maſt. Now tell me how ye like him; whether now
He be that perfect Man ye credited?
Schol. Does the Sea ſtagger ye?
Maſt. Now ye have hit the Nick.
Schol. Do ye fear the Billows?
1 *Gent.* What ails him? Who has ſtir'd him?
Schol. Be not ſhaken,
Nor let the ſinging of the Storm ſhoot through ye,
Let it blow on, blow on: Let the Clouds wraſtle,

And let the Vapours of the Earth turn mutinous,
The Sea in hideous Mountains riſe and tumble
Upon a Dolphin's Back, I'll make all tremble,
For I am *Neptune*.

Maſt. Now what think ye of him?

2 *Gent.* Alas poor Man.

Schol. Your Bark ſhall plough through all,
And not a Surge ſo ſaucy to diſturb her.
I'll ſee her ſafe, my Power ſhall ſail before her.

Down ye angry Waters all,
Ye loud whiſtling Whirlwinds fall:
Down ye proud Waves, ye Storms ceaſe;
I command ye, be at Peace.
Fright not with your churliſh Notes,
Nor bruiſe the Keel of Bark that flotes:
No devouring Fiſh come nigh,
Nor Monſter in my Empery,
Once ſhew his Head, or Terror bring;
But let the weary Sailor ſing:
Amphitrite *with white Arms*
Strike my Lute, I'll ſing Charms.

Maſt. He muſt have Muſick now: I muſt obſerve him.
His Fit will grow too full elſe. [*Muſick, Song.*

2 *Gent.* I muſt pity him.

Maſt. Now he will in himſelf moſt quietly,
And clean forget all, as he had done nothing.

1 *Gent.* We are ſorry, Sir, and we have ſeen a Wonder;
From this Hour we'll believe, and ſo we'll leave ye. [*Exit.*

Ped. This was a ſtrange fit. *Maſt.* Did ye mark him, Sir?

Ped. He might have cozen'd me with his Behaviour.

Maſt. Many have ſworn him right, and I have thought ſo:
Yet on a ſudden, from ſome Word, or other,
When no Man could expect a fit, he has flown out:
I dare not give him Will.

Enter Alinda.

Ped. Pray Heav'n recover him. *Alin.* Muſt I come in too?

Maſt. No, my pretty Lad;
Keep in thy Chamber Boy, 'ſhalt have thy Supper.

Ped. I pray ye, what is he, Sir?

Maſt. A ſtrange Boy, that laſt Night
Was found i'th' Town, a little craz'd, diſtracted,
And ſo ſent hither. *Ped.* How the pretty Knave looks,
And plays, and peeps upon me? ſure ſuch Eyes
I have ſeen, and lov'd; what fair Hands? certainly——

Maſt. Good Sir, you'll make him worſe.

Ped. I pray believe not.
Alas, why ſhould I hurt him? How he ſmiles?

The very Shape, and Sweetneſs of *Alinda*:
Let me look once again; were it in ſuch Cloaths
As when I ſaw her laſt; this muſt be ſhe.
How tenderly it ſtroaks me? *Maſt.* Pray ye be mild, Sir;
I muſt attend elſewhere. [*Exit.*
Ped. Pray ye be ſecure, Sir.
What would ye ſay? how my Heart beats and trembles?
He holds me hard by th' Hand; O my Life, her Fleſh too!
I know not what to think; her Tears, her true ones;
Pure orient Tears: Hark, do you know me, little one?
Alin. O *Pedro*, *Pedro*! *Ped.* O my Soul!
Gent. What Fit's this?
The Pilgrim's off the Hooks too.
Alin. Let me hold thee,
And now come all the World, and all that hate me.
Ped. Be wiſe, and not diſcover'd: O how I love ye!
How do ye now? *Alin.* I have been miſerable;
But your moſt virtuous Eyes have cur'd me, *Pedro:*
Pray ye think it no Immodeſty, I kiſs ye,
My Head's wild ſtill. *Ped.* Be not ſo full of Paſſion,
Nor do not hang ſo greedily upon me.
'Twill be ill taken. *Alin.* Are ye weary of me?
I will hang here eternally, kiſs ever,
And weep away for Joy.

Enter Maſter.

Maſt. I told ye, Sir,
What ye would do; for Shame do not afflict him:
You have drawn his Fit upon him fearfully:
Either depart, and preſently; I'll force ye elſe.
Who waits within?

Enter two Keepers to fetch them off.

Ped. Alas, good Sir.
Maſt. This is the way never to hope Recovery.
Stay but one Minute more, I'll complain to the Governour.
Bring in the Boy; do you ſee how he ſwells, and tears himſelf?
Is this your Cure? Be gone; if the Boy miſcarry
Let me ne'er find you more, for I'll ſo hamper ye ——
Gent. You were to blame, too raſh.
Ped. Farewel for ever. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Alphonſo, *a Gentleman, and* Juletta.

Gent. YOU are now within a Mile o'th' Town, Sir; If my Buſineſs
Would give me Leave, I would turn and wait upon ye;
But for ſuch Gentlemen as you enquire,
Certain, I ſaw none ſuch: But for the Boy ye ſpoke of,
I will not ſay 'tis he, but ſuch a one;
Juſt of that height. *Alph.* In ſuch Cloaths?
Gent. I much miſtake elſe,
Was ſent in t'other Night, a little maddiſh,
And where ſuch People wait their Cures.
Alph. I underſtand ye.
Gent. There you may quickly know.
Alph. I thank ye, Sir.
Jul. So do I too; and if there be ſuch a Place,
I ask no more; but you ſhall hear more of me.
She may be there, and you may play the Tyrant;
I'll ſee what I can do. I am almoſt foundred
In following him; and yet I'll never leave him,
I'll crawl of all four firſt; my Cauſe is meritorious,
And come what can come.
Gent. All you have told me is certain,
Complexion, and all elſe. *Alph.* It may be ſhe then;
And I'll ſo fumble her: Is ſhe grown mad now?
Is her Blood ſet ſo high? I'll have her madded;
I'll have her worm'd. *Jul.* Mark but the end, old Maſter,
If thou be'ſt not ſick o'th' Bots within theſe five Hours,
And kick'ſt and roar'ſt; I'll make ye fart Fire, Signior.

Enter Alinda, *as a Fool.*

Gent. Here's one o'th' Houſe, a Fool, an Idiot, Sir;
May be ſhe is going home; ſhe'll be a Guide to ye,
And ſo I kiſs your Hand. [*Exit.*
Alph. I am your Servant.
Alin. O now I am loſt, loſt, loſt; Lord, how I tremble.
My Father, arm'd in all his Hates and Angers;
This is more Miſery than I have ſcap'd yet.
Alph. Fool, Fool.
Alin. He knows me not. Will ye give me two Pence?
And Gaffer, here's a Crow-Flower, and a Dazie;
I have ſome Pye-in my Pocket too.
Alph. This is an arrant Fool,

An

An ignorant thing. *Alin.* Believe ſo, and I am happy.
Alph. Doſt thou dwell in *Signia*, Fool?
Alin. No, no, I dwell in Heav'n.
And I have a fine little Houſe, made of Marmalad.
And I am a lone Woman, and I ſpin for Saint *Peter*;
I have a hundred little Children, and they ſing Pſalms with me.
Alph. 'Tis pity this pretty thing ſhould want Underſtanding.
But why do I ſtand talking with a Coxcomb?
If I do find her, if I light upon her,
I'll ſay no more. Is this the way to th' Town, Fool?
Alin. You muſt go over the Top of that high Steeple;
Alph. A plague o' your Fool's Face. *Jul.* No, take her Counſel.
Alin. And then you ſhall come to a River twenty Mile over,
And twenty Mile and ten, and then you muſt pray, Gaffer.
And ſtill you muſt pray, and pray.
Alph. Pray Heav'n deliver me
From ſuch an Aſs, as thou art. *Alin.* Amen, ſweet Gaffer:
And fling a Sop of Sugar-Cake into it;
And then you muſt leap in naked.
Jul. Would he would believe her.
Alin. And ſink ſeven Days together; can ye ſink, Gaffer?
Alph. Yes Coxcomb, yes; prithee farewel; a pox on thee.
A plague o'that Fool too, that ſent me upon thee.
Alin. And then I'll bring you a ſup of Milk ſhall ſerve ye;
I am going to get Apples. *Alph.* Go to th' Devil:
Was ever Man tormented with a Puppy thus?
Thou tell me News? thou be a Guide?
Alin. And then, Nunkle———
Alph. Prithee keep on thy way, good Naunt, I could rail now
Theſe ten hours at mine own improvidence:
Get Apples and be choak'd; farewel. [*Exit.*
Alin. Farewel, Nunkle.
Jul. I rejoyce in any thing that vexes him,
And I ſhall love this Fool extreamly for't:
Could I but ſee my Miſtreſs now, to tell her
How I have truly, honeſtly wrought for her,
How I have worn my ſelf away to ſerve her.
Fool, there's a Ryal for the ſport thou mad'ſt me
In croſſing that old Fool, that parted from thee.
Alin. Thou art honeſt ſure, but yet thou muſt not ſee me.
I thank ye, little Gentleman; Heav'n bleſs ye,
And I'll pray for ye too: Pray ye keep this Nutmeg.
'Twas ſent me from the Lady of the Mountain,
A Golden Lady. *Jul.* How prettily it prattles.
Alin. 'Tis very good to rub your Underſtanding,
And ſo good Night; the Moon's up. *Jul.* Pretty Innocent.

Alin.

Alin. Now Fortune, if thou dar'ſt do good, protect me. [*Exit.*

Jul. I'll follow him to yond Town, he ſhall not ſcape me.
Stay, I muſt counterfeit a Letter by the way firſt,
And one that muſt carry ſome credit with it: I am wide elſe,
And all this to no purpoſe that I aim at.
A Letter muſt be had, and neatly handled;
And then if Goodwife Fortune do not fail me,
Have at his Skirts; I ſhall worſe anger him
Than ever I have done, and worſe torment him.
It does me good to think how I ſhall conjure him,
And crucifie his crabbedneſs: He's my Maſter,
But that's all one, I'll lay that on the left hand.
He would now perſecute my harmleſs Miſtreſs,
A fault without forgiveneſs, as I take it,
And under that bold Banner flies my vengeance,
A meritorious War, and ſo I'll make it.
I'th' name of innocence, what's this the Fool gave me?
She ſaid 'twas good to rub my Underſtanding.
What ſtrange concealment? Bread, or Cheeſe, or a Cheſnut?
Ha! 'tis a Ring, a pretty Ring, a right one;
A Ring I know too! the very ſame Ring:
O admirable Blockhead! O baſe Eyes!
A Ring my Miſtreſs took from me, and wore it,
I knew it by the Poſie; *Prick me, and heal me.*
None could deliver this but ſhe her ſelf too;
Am I twice Sand-blind? twice ſo near the Bleſſing
I would arrive at? and block-like never know it?
I am vengeance angry, but that ſhall light on thee,
And heavily, and quickly, I pronounce it:
There are ſo many croſs ways, there's no following her;
And yet I muſt not now. I hope ſhe is right ſtill,
For all her outward ſhew, for ſure ſhe knew me,
And in that hope, ſome few hours I'll forget her. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Roderigo.

Rod. She is not to be Recovered, which I vex at;
And he beyond my vengeance, which torments me:
O! I am fool'd and ſlighted, made a Raſcal;
My hopes are flatter'd, as my preſent Fortunes:
Why ſhould I wander thus, and play the Coxcomb?
Tire out my Peace and Pleaſure for a Girl?
A Girl that ſcorns me too? a thing that hates me?
And conſidered at the beſt, is but a ſhort Breakfaſt
For a hot Appetite: Why ſhould I walk, and walk thus,
And fret my ſelf, and travel like a Carrier,

And

And peep, and watch? want Meat, and Wine, to cheriſh me,
When thouſand Women may be had, ten thouſand,
And thank me too, and I ſit ſtill? Well, trim Beauty
And Chaſtity, and all that ſeem to ruin me,
Let me not take ye, let me not come near ye,
For I'll ſo trim ye, I'll ſo buſtle with ye;
'Tis not the name of Virgin ſhall redeem ye,
I'll change that property; nor Tears, nor Angers;
I bear a Hate about me ſcorns thoſe Follies.
To find this Villain too, for there's my main prize;
And if he ſnap me then.

Enter Alinda.

Alin. Is not that *Pedro*?
'Tis he, 'tis he; O! *Rod.* What art thou?
Alin. Ha? now, now, now,
O now moſt miſerable. *Rod.* What a Devil art thou?
Alin. No end of my Misfortunes, Heav'n?
Rod. What Antick?
Speak, Puppet, ſpeak. *Alin.* That Habit to betray me?
Ye holy Saints, can ye ſee this? *Rod.* It danceth:
The Devil in a Fool's Coat, is he turn'd Innocent?
What mops and mows it makes; heigh, how it friſketh,
Is it not a Fairy? or ſome ſmall Hobgoblin?
It has a mortal Face, and I have a great mind to it,
But if it ſhould prove the Devil then. *Alin.* Come hither.
Rod. I think 'twill raviſh me;
It is a handſome thing, but horribly Sun-burnt;
What's that it points at? *Alin.* Doſt thou ſee that Star there,
That, juſt above the Sun;
Prithee go thither, and light me this Tobacco,
And ſtop it with the Horns o'th' Moon.
Rod. The thing's mad,
Abominably mad, her Brains are butter'd.
Go ſleep, Fool, ſleep.
Alin. Thou canſt not ſleep ſo ſweetly:
For ſo I can ſay my Prayers, and then ſlumber.

I am not proud, nor full of Wine,
This little Flower will make me fine:
Cruel in Heart, for I ſhall cry,
If I ſee a Sparrow die:
I am not watchful to do ill,
Nor glorious to purſue it ſtill:
Nor pitileſs to thoſe that weep;
Such as are, bid them go ſleep.

Do, do, do, and ſee if they can.
Rod. It ſaid true,

I feel it ſink into me forcibly.
Sure 'tis a kind of Sybill, ſome mad Prophet,
I feel my wildneſs bound and ſetter'd in me.
Alin. Give me your Hand, and I'll tell you what's your Fortune.
Rod. Here; prithee ſpeak. *Alin.* Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie,
Waſh your Hands, and pare your Nails, and look finely,
You ſhall never kiſs the King's Daughter elſe.
Rod. I waſh 'em daily. *Alin.* But ſtill you foul 'em faſter.
Rod. This goes nearer. *Alin.* You'll have two Wives.
Rod. Two Wives? *Alin.* Ay, two fine Gentlewomen;
Make much of 'em; for they'll ſtick cloſe to you, Sir.
And theſe two, in two days. *Rod.* That's a fine Riddle.
Alin. To day you ſhall wed Sorrow,
And Repentance will come to Morrow.
Rod. Sure ſhe's inſpired.
Alin. I'll ſing ye a fine Song, Sir.
He called down his merry Men all
By one, by two, by three,
William *would fain have been the firſt,*
But now the laſt is he.
Rod. This is the meer Chronicle of my miſhaps.
Alin. I'll bid you good ev'n; for my Boat ſtays for me yonder,
And I muſt ſup with the Moon to Night in the Mediterraneum. [*Ex.*
Rod. When Fools and Mad-folks ſhall be Tutors to me,
And feel my Sores, yet I unſenſible;
Sure it was ſet by Providence upon me
To ſteer my Heart right: I am wondrous weary.
My Thoughts too, which add more burthen to me:
I have been ill, and, which is worſe, purſu'd it,
And ſtill run on: I muſt think better, nobler,
And be another thing, or not all.
Enter four Peaſants.
Still I grow heavier, heavier, Heav'n defend me:
I'll lye down, and take reſt, and Goodneſs guard me.
1 *Pea.* We have ſcap'd to day well; certain, if the Out-laws
Had known we had been ſtirring, we had paid for't.
2 *Pea.* Plague on 'em, they have rob'd me thrice.
3 *Pea.* And me five times:
Beſide they made my Daughter one of us too,
An arrant Drum: O, they are the lewdeſt Raſcals,
The Captain ſuch a damn'd piece of iniquity;
But we are far enough off on 'em, that's the beſt on't,
They cannot hear. 4 *Pea.* They'll come to me familiarly
And eat up all I have; drink up my Wine too,
And if there be a Servant that content 'em,
Let her Keel hold, they'll give her Stowage enough

We have no Children now, but Thieves, and Out-laws.
The very Brats in their Mothers Bellies have their qualities,
They'll ſteal into the World.
1 *Pea.* Would we had ſome of 'em here.
2 *Pea.* Ay, O' that condition we could maſter 'em.
They are ſturdy Knaves.
3 *Pea.* A Devil take their ſturdineſs, we can
Neither keep our Wives from 'em, nor our States,
We pay the Rent, and they poſſeſs the Benefit.
1 *Pea.* What's this lyes here? is it drunk, or ſober?
It ſleeps, and ſoundly too. 2 *Pea.* 'Tis an old Woman
That keeps Sheep hereabouts; it turns, and ſtretches.
4 *Pea.* Does ſhe keep Sheep with a Sword?
3 *Pea.* It has a Beard too.
1 *Pea.* Peace, peace: It is the Devil *Roderigo*,
Peace of all hands, and look. 2 *Pea.* 'Tis he.
3 *Pea.* Speak ſoftly. 4 *Pea.* Now we may fit him.
3 *Pea.* Stay, ſtay; let's be provident.
1 *Pea.* Kill him, and wake him then.
4 *Pea.* Let me come to him,
Ev'n one blow at his Pate, if e'er he wake more.
3 *Pea.* So, ſo, ſo, lay that by. 2 *Pea.*—I muſt needs kill him.
It ſtands with my Reputation 3 *Pea.* Stand off, I ſay:
And let us ſome way make him ſure; then torture him.
To kill him preſently, has no pleaſure in't.
Has been tormenting of us, at leaſt this twelve Month.
Rod. Oh me! *All.* He comes, he comes.
4 *Pea.* Has he no Guns about him?
3 *Pea.* Softly again: No, no; take that Hand eaſily,
And tie it faſt there, that to th' other Bough there.
Faſt, faſt, and eaſie, leaſt he wake.
2 *Pea.* Have we got ye?
This was a benefit we never aim'd at.
3 *Pea.* Out with your Knives, and let's carve this Cock-thief,
Daintily carve him.
1 *Pea.* I would he had been uſed thus
Ten years ago, we might have thought we had Children.
3 *Pea.* O, that Sir *Nicholas* now our Prieſt were here,
What a ſweet Homily would he ſay over him,
For ringing all in, with his Wife in the Bellfry?
He would ſtand up ſtiff girt: Now pounce him lightly,
And as he Roars, and Rages, let's go deeper;
Come near, you are dim-ey'd, on with your Spectacles.
Rod. O, what torments me thus? What Slaves, what Villains?
O ſpare me, do not murther me. 3 *Pea.* We'll but tickle ye,
You have tickled us at all points.

4 *Pea.* Where are his Emblems?

Enter Pedro.

Rod. As ye are Men, and Chriſtians.

2 *Pea.* Yes we hear ye,
And you ſhall hear of us too. *Rod.* Oh no Mercy.

Ped. What Noiſe is this? What rore? I cannot find her,
She is got free again; but where, or which way?

Rod. O Villains, Beaſts. *Ped.* Murd'ring a Man, ye Raſcals?
Ye inhuman Slaves, off, off, and leave this Cruelty,
Or as I am a Gentleman; Do ye brave me?
Then have among ye all, ye Slaves, ye Cowards;
Take up that Sword, and ſtand: Stay ye baſe Raſcals,
Ye cut-throat Rogues. *All.* Away, away. [*Exeunt* Peaſants.

Ped. Ye Dog-whelps.

Rod O! I am now more wretched far, than ever.

Ped. A violence to that Habit? Ha! *Roderigo*!
What makes he here, thus clad? Is it Repentance,
Or only a fair ſhew to guide his Miſchiefs?

Rod. This Benefit has made me ſhame to ſee him,
To know him, bluſh. *Ped.* You are not much hurt?

Rod. No, Sir;
All I can call a hurt, ſticks in my Conſcience,
That pricks, and tortures me. *Ped.* Have ye conſider'd
The nature of theſe Men, and how they us'd ye?
Was it fair play? Did it appear to you handſome?

Rod. I dare not ſpeak: Or if I do, 'tis nothing
Can bring me off, or juſtifie me. *Ped.* Was it noble
To be o'erlay'd with Odds, and Violence?
Manly, or brave in theſe, thus to oppreſs ye?
Do you bluſh at this, in ſuch as are mere rudeneſs,
That have ſtopt Souls, that never knew things gentle?
And dare you glorify worſe in your ſelf, Sir?
Ye us'd me with much Honour, and I thank ye,
In this I have requited ſome; ye know me:
Come, turn not back; ye muſt and ye ſhall know me;
Had I been over-ſeaſon'd with baſe Anger,
And ſuited all Occaſions to my Miſchiefs,
Bore no reſpect to Honeſty, Religion,
No Faith, no common tie of Man, Humanity,
Had I had in me, but given Reins, and Licence
To a tempeſtuous Will, as wild as Winter,
This Day, know *Roderigo*, I had ſet
As ſmall a price upon thy Life, and Fortunes,
As thou didſt lately on mine Innocence;
But I reſerve thee to a nobler Service.

Rod. I thank ye, and I'll ſtudy more to honour ye;
You have the nobler Soul, I muſt confeſs it,

And are the greater Maſter of your Goodneſs.
Though it be impoſſible I ſhould now recover,
And my rude Will grow handſome in an inſtant;
Yet touching but the pureneſs of your Metal,
Something ſhall ſhew like Gold, at leaſt ſhall gliſter,
That Men may hope, although the Mine be rugged,
Stony, and hard to work; yet Time, and Honour
Shall find and bring forth that, that's rich and worthy.
Ped. I'll try that; and to the purpoſe. Ye told me, Sir,
In noble Emulation, ſo I take it;
I'll put your Hatred far off, and forget it;
You had a fair deſire to try my Valour:
You ſeem'd to court me to it; you have found a time,
A Weapon in your Hand, an equal Enemy,
That, as he puts this off, puts off all Injuries,
And only now for Honour's ſake defies ye:
Now, as you are a Man, I know you are valiant,
As you are gentle bred, a Soldier faſhioned.
Rod. His Virtue ſtartles me; I dare fight, *Pedro.*
Ped. And as you have a Miſtreſs that you honour,
Mark me, a Miſtreſs. *Rod.* Ha?
Ped. A handſome Miſtreſs,
As you dare hold your ſelf deſerving of her.
Rod. Deſerving? What a word was that to fire me?
Ped. I could compel ye now without this Circumſtance.
But I'll deal free and fairly, like a Gentleman:
As ye are worthy of the Name ye carry,
A daring Man. *Rod.* O that I durſt not ſuffer;
For all I dare do now, implies but Penance.
Ped. Now do me noble Right. *Rod.* I'll ſatisfie ye;
But not by th' Sword: Pray ye hear me, and allow me.
I have been rude; but ſhall I be a Monſter,
And teach my Sword to hurt that that preſerv'd me?
Though I be rough by Nature, ſhall my Name
Inherit that eternal Stain of Barbarous?
Give me an Enemy, a thing that hates ye,
That never heard of yet, nor felt your Goodneſs,
That is one main Antipathy to Sweetneſs;
And ſet me on, you cannot hold me Coward.
If I have ever err'd, 't has been in hazard:
The temper of my Sword ſtarts at your Virtue,
And will fly off, nay it will weep to light ye;
Things excellently mingled, and of pure Nature,
Hold ſacred Love and Peace with one another.
See how it turns. *Ped.* This is a ſtrange Converſion:
And can ye fail your Miſtreſs? Can ye grow cold

In ſuch a Caſe? *Rod.* Thoſe heats that they add to us,
O noble *Pedro*, let us feel 'em rightly,
And rightly but conſider how they move us.
Ped. Is not their Honour ours? *Rod.* If they be virtuous;
And then the Sword adds nothing to their Luſtre,
But rather calls in queſtion what's not doubted:
If they be not, the beſt Swords, and beſt Valours
Can never fight 'em up to Fame again,
No, not a Chriſtian War, and that's held Pious.
Ped. How bravely now he's temper'd? I muſt fight,
And rather make it Honourable, than angry,
I would not task thoſe Sins to be committed.
Rod. You cannot Sir, you have caſt thoſe by; decarded 'em,
And in a noble Mind, ſo low and looſely
To look back, and collect ſuch lumps, and lick 'em,
Into new horrid Forms again. *Ped.* Still braver.
Rod. To fight, becauſe I dare, were worſe, and weaker
Than if I had a Woman in my Cauſe, Sir,
And more proclaim'd me Fool; yet I muſt confeſs
I have been covetous of all Occaſions,
And this I have taken upon truſt, for Noble,
The more ſhame mine; deviſe a way to fight thus,
That like the wounded Air no Blood may Iſſue,
Nor where this Sword ſhall enter, no loſt Spirit,
And ſet me on; I would not ſcar that Body,
That virtuous, valiant Body, nor deface it,
To make the Kingdom mine: If one muſt bleed,
Let me be both the Sacrifice, and Altar,
And you the Prieſt, I have deſerv'd to ſuffer.
Ped. The noble *Roderigo*, now I call ye,
And thus my Love ſhall ever count, and hold ye.
Rod. I am your Servant Sir, and now this Habit,
Devotion, not Diſtruſt ſhall put upon me.
I'll wait upon your Fortunes, that's my way now,
And where you grieve, or joy, I'll be a Partner.
Ped. I thank ye Sir, I ſhall be too proud of ye.
O I could tell ye ſtrange things. *Rod.* I gueſs at 'em,
And I could curſe my ſelf, I made 'em Stranger;
Yet my Mind ſays, you are not far from Happineſs.
Ped. It ſhall be welcome; come, let's keep us thus ſtill,
And be as we appear, Heav'n's hand may bleſs us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Alphonſo, *Maſter, and Keepers.*

Maſt. Yes Sir, here be ſuch People: But how pleaſing
They will appear to you. *Alph.* Pray let me ſee 'em,
I come to that end, pray let me ſee 'em all.
Maſt. They will confound ye Sir, like Bells rung backward;
They are nothing but confuſion, and meer Noiſes.
Alph. May be I love a Noiſe; but hark ye, Sir,
Have ye no Boys, handſome young Boys? *Maſt.* Yes one, Sir,
A very handſome Boy. *Alph.* Long here?
Maſt. But two Days;
A little crazed, but much hope of recovery.
Alph. Ay, that Boy, let me ſee, may be I know him;
That Boy, I ſay; this is the Boy he told me of,
And it muſt needs be ſhe: that Boy I beſeech ye, Sir,
That Boy I come to ſee. *Maſt.* And ye ſhall ſee him,
Or any elſe, but pray be not too violent.
Alph. I know what to do, I warrant ye; I am for all Fancies,
I can talk to 'em, and diſpute. 1 *Keep.* As madly,
For they be very mad, Sir. *Alph.* Let 'em be horn mad.
1 *Keep.* We have few Citizens, they have Bedlams of their own,
And are mad at their own Charges. *Alph.* Who lies here? (Sir,
Maſt. Pray ye do not diſturb 'em Sir, here lie ſuch Youths
Will make you ſtart if they but dance their Trenchmores.
Fetch out the Boy, Sirrah: Hark. *Alph.* Heigh Boys.
[*Shake Irons within.* Engliſh *Madman, Scholar, Parſon.*
Engl. Bounce,
Clap her o'th' Star-board, bounce, top the Can, *Jenkin.*
Schol. Dead ye Dog, dead: Do ye Quarrel in my Kingdom?
Give me my Trident.
Engl. Bounce, 'twixt Wind and Water,
Loaden with Mackrels: O brave Meat.
Schol. My Sea Horſes.
I'll charge the Northern Wind, and break his Bladder.
Par. I'll ſell my Bells, before I be out-brav'd thus.
Alph. What's he? What's he? *Maſt.* A Parſon Sir, a Parſon,
That run mad for Tythe Goſlings.
Alph. Green Sauce cure him.
Par. I'll curſe ye all, I'll Excommunicate ye:
Thou *Engliſh* Heretick, give me the tenth Pot.
Eng. Sue me, I'll drink up all, bounce I ſay once more.
O, have I ſplit your Mizen? Blow, blow, thou Weſt Wind,
Blow 'till you rive, and make the Sea run roaring.
I'll hiſs it down again with a Bottle of Ale.

Schol.

Schol. Triton, why *Triton*.
Engl. Triton's drunk with Metheglin.
Schol. Strike, ſtrike the Surges, ſtrike.
Engl. Drink, drink, 'tis Day light;
Drink, didle, didle, didle, drink *Parſon*, proud *Parſon*:
A Pig's Tail in thy Teeth, and I defie thee.
Par. Give me ſome Porridge, or I'll damn thee *Engliſh*.
Alph. How comes this *Engliſh* Madman here?
Maſt. Alas that's no queſtion, they are mad every where, Sir;
Their fits are cool now, let 'em reſt.

Enter Keepers and She-fool.

Alph. Mad Gallants,
Moſt admirable mad, I love their Faces. (him?
1 *Keep.* Ye ſtinking Whore, who knew of this? who look'd to
Pox take him, he was ſleepy when I left him.
2 *Keep.* Certain he made the Fool drunk.
Maſt. How now, who's this here? (Sir.
Where is the Boy? 1 *Keep.* The Boy, Sir? *Maſt.* Ay, the Boy,
1 *Keep.* Here's all the Boys we found. *Maſt.* Theſe are his Cloaths.
But where's the Boy? *She-f.* The Boy is gone a Maying,
He'll bring me home a Cuckow's Neſt; do ye hear, Maſter,
I put my Cloaths off, and I dizen'd him,
And pin'd a plumb in's Forehead, and a Feather,
And buſs'd him twice, and bid him go ſeek his Fortune:
He gave me this fine Mony, and fine Wine too,
And bid me ſop, and gave me theſe trim Cloaths too,
And put 'em on. *Alph.* Is this the Boy you would ſhew? (ſides?
She-f. I'll give you Two pence, Maſter. *Alph.* Am I fool'd of all
I met a Fool i'th' Woods, they ſaid ſhe dwelt here,
In a long pied Coat. *Maſt.* That was the very Boy, Sir.
She-f. Ay, ay, ay, I gave him leave to play forſooth,
He'll come again to Morrow, and bring Peſcods. (lams.
Maſt. I'll bring your Bones, *Alph.* Pox o' your Fools, and Bed-
Plague o' your Owles and Apes. *Maſt.* Pray ye, Sir, be tamer,
We cannot help this preſently; but we ſhall know;
I'll recompence your cares too. *Alph.* Know me a Pudding:
You juggle, and ye fiddle, fart upon ye,
I am abuſed. *Maſt.* Pray ye, Sir.

Enter Welch *Madman.*

Alph. And I will be abuſed, Sir,
And you ſhall know I am abuſed. *Welch.* Whaw, Mr. Keeper.
Alph. Pox o' thy whawes, and thy whyms, Pox o' thy Urſhip.
Welch. Give me ſome Ceeze and Onions, give me ſome Waſh-
I have——in my Bellies; give me abundance, (brew
Pendragon was a Shentleman, marg you, Sir,
And the Organs at *Rixum* were made by Revelations,
There is a Spirit blows, and blows the Bellows,
And then they ſing. *Alph.* What Moon-calf's this? what dream?

Maſt.

Maſt. Pray ye, Sir, obſerve him,
He is a Mountaineer, a Man of Goatland.
Welch. I will beat thy Face as black as a blue Clout,
I will leave no more ſheet in thine Eyes.
Maſt. He will not hurt ye.
Welch. Give me a great deal of Guns: thou art the Devils,
I know thee by thy tails: poor *Owen*'s hungry, (cal,
I will pig thy bums full of Bullets. *Alph* This is the rareſt Raſ-
He ſpeaks as if he had Butter-milk in's Mouth,
Is this any thing akin to th' *Engliſh*?
Maſt. The elder Brother, Sir,
He run mad becauſe a Rat eat up's Cheeſe.
Alph. H'ad a great deal of reaſon, Sir.
Welch. Baſilus manus, is for an old Cod-piece, mark ye.
I will borrow thy Urſhip's Whore to ſeal a Letter.
Maſt. Now he grows Villainous. *Alph.* Methinks he's beſt now.
Maſt. Away with him. *Alph.* He ſhall not. *Maſt.* Sir, he muſt.
Welch. I will ſing, and dance, do any thing.
Alph. Wilt thou declaim in *Greek*?
Maſt. Away with the Fool, and whip her ſoundly, Sirrah.
She-f. I'll tell no more Tales. [*Exit.*
Alph. Or wilt thou fly i'th' Air? *Engl.* Do, and I'll catch thee.
And like a whiſp of Hay, I'll whirle, and whirle thee,
And puff thee up, and puff thee up. *Schol.* I'll ſave thee,
And thou ſhalt fall into the Sea, ſoft, ſoftly.
Welch. I'll get upon a Mountain and call my Country-men.
Maſt. They all grow wild; away with him for Heav'n ſake.
Sir, ye are much to blame. *Alph.* No, no, 'tis brave, Sir,
Ye have cozen'd me; I'll make you mad.
Maſt. In with him, and lock him faſt.
Alph. I'll ſee him in his Lodging. [*Exit.*
Maſt. What means this Gentleman?

Enter Juletta.

Jul. He's in; have at him. Are you the Maſter, Sir?
Maſt. What would you with him?
Jul. I have a buſineſs from the Duke of *Medina*,
Is there not an old Gentleman come lately in?
Maſt. Yes, and a wild one two; but not a Priſoner.
Jul. Did you obſerve him well? 'tis like he may be.
Maſt. I have ſeen younger Men of better temper.
Jul. You have hit the cauſe I come for; there's a Letter,
Pray ye peruſe it well. I ſhall be wi' ye,
And ſuddenly, I fear not; finely, daintily,
I ſhall ſo feed your fierce vexation,
And raiſe your Worſhip's ſtorms; I ſhall ſo miggle ye,
And juggle ye, and fiddle ye, and firk ye,
I'll make ye curſe the hour ye vex'd a Woman;

I'll

I'll make ye ſhake, when our Sex are but ſounded;
For the Lord's ſake, we ſhall have him at: I long to ſee it.
As much as for my Wedding Night; I gape after it.
Maſt. This Letter ſays the Gentleman is Lunatick,
I half ſuſpected it.
Jul. 'Tis very true, Sir, and ſuch Pranks he has play'd.
Maſt. He's ſome great Man,
The Duke commands me with ſuch care to look to him,
And if he grow too violent to correct him,
To uſe the ſpeedieſt means for his recovery,
And thoſe he muſt find ſharp. *Jul.* The better for him.
Maſt. How got ye him hither? *Jul.* With a train I told him:
He's in love with a Boy, there lies his Melancholy.
Maſt. Hither he came to ſeek one. *Jul.* Yes, I ſent him;
Now had we dealt by force, we had never brought him.
Maſt. Here was a Boy. *Jul.* He ſaw him not?
Maſt. He was gone firſt.
Jul. It is the better; look you to your Charge well;
I'll ſee him lodged, for ſo the Duke commanded me;
He will be very rough. *Maſt.* We are us'd to that, Sir,
And we as rough as he, if he give occaſion.
Jul. You will find him gainful, but be ſure ye curb him,
And get him if ye can fairly to his Lodging,
I am affraid ye will not.

Enter Alphonſo.

Maſt. We muſt ſweat then.
Alph. What doſt thou talk to me of noiſes? I'll have more noiſe,
I'll have all looſe, and all ſhall play their Prizes;
Thy Maſter has let looſe the Boy I look'd for,
Baſely convey'd him hence. 1 *Keep.* Will ye go out, Sir?
Alph. I will not out, I will have all out with me,
I'll have thy Maſter in; he's only mad here. [*Shake Irons.*
And Rogues, I'll have ye all whipt; heigh mad Boys, mad Boys.
Jul. Do you perceive him now? *Maſt.* 'Tis too apparent.
Jul. I am glad ſhe is gone; he raves thus.
Maſt. Do you hear Sir,
Pray will ye make leſs ſtir, and ſee your Chamber,
Call in more help, and make the Cloſet ready.
Keep. I thought he was mad; I'll have one long laſh at ye.
Alph. My Chamber? where my Chamber? why my Chamber?
Where's the young Boy? *Maſt.* Nay, pray ye, Sir, be more modeſt
For your own credit ſake; the People ſee ye,
And I would uſe ye with the beſt.
Alph. Beſt, hang ye, what doſt thou think me mad?
Maſt. Pray, and be civil, Heav'n may deliver ye.
Alph. Into a Rogue's hands.
Maſt. You do but draw more Miſery upon ye,

And add to your Diſeaſe. *Alph.* Get from me. *Maſt.* No, Sir,
You muſt not be left ſo; bear your ſelf civilly,
And 'twill be better for ye; ſwell not, nor chafe not.
Alph. I am a Gentleman, and a Neighbour, Raſcal.
Maſt. A great deal the more pity, I have heard of ye.
Jul. Excellent Maſter. *Maſt.* The Duke is very tender too.
Alph. Am I Lunatick? am I run mad?
What doſt thou talk to me of Dukes and Devils,
Why do the People gape ſo? *Maſt.* Do not anger 'em,
But go in quietly, and ſlip in ſoftly,
They will ſo tew ye elſe; I am commanded, Sir.
Alph. Why, prithee, why?
Maſt. Ye are Dog-mad, you perceive it not.
Very far mad, and Whips will ſcant recover ye. *Alph.* Ha, Whips?
Maſt. Ay Whips, and ſore Whips, and ye were a Lord, Sir,
If ye be ſtubborn here. *Alph.* Whips? what am I grown?
Jul. O I could burſt; hold, hold, hold, hold o' both ends,
How he looks, pray Heav'n he be not mad indeed.
Alph. I do not perceive I am ſo, but if you think it,
Nor I'll be hang'd if't be ſo.
Maſt. Do you ſee this, Sir? [*Irons brought in.*
Down with that Devil in ye. *Alph.* Indeed I am angry,
But I'll contain my ſelf: O I could burſt now,
And tear my ſelf, but theſe Rogues will torment me.
Mad in my old Days? make mine own Afflictions?
Maſt. What do you mutter, Sir? *Alph.* Nothing, Sir, nothing;
I will go in and quietly, moſt civilly:
And good Sir, let none of your Tormentors come about me,
You have a gentle Face; they look like Dragons.
Maſt. Be civil and be ſafe; come, for theſe two Days
Ye muſt eat nothing neither; 'twill eaſe your Fits, Sir.
Alph. 'Twill ſtarve me, Sir; but I muſt bear it joyfully.
I may ſleep? *Maſt.* Yes, a little; go in with theſe Men.
Alph. O miſerable me! [*Exit.*
Maſt. I'll follow preſently. You ſee 'tis done, Sir.
Jul. Ye have done it handſomely,
And I'll inform the Duke ſo: Pray ye attend him,
Let him want nothing, but his Will. *Maſt.* He ſhall not,
And if he be rebellious ——— *Jul.* Never ſpare him:
H'as Fleſh, and Hide enough, he loves a whipping.
Maſt. My Service to his Grace. [*Exit.*
Jul. I ſhall commend it.
So thou art faſt; I muſt go get ſome reſh froom
To laugh and caper in: Oh how it tickles me!
O how it tumbles me with Joy! Thy Mouth's ſtopt:
Now if I can do my Miſtreſs good, I am Sainted. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Seberto *and* Curio.

Seb. NOW, o'my Conscience, we have lost him utterly, (ning,
He's not gone home: We heard from thence this Mor-
And since our parting last at *Roderigo*'s,
You know what Ground we have travel'd. *Cur.* He's asleep sure:
For if he had been awake, we should have met with him:
Faith let's turn back, we have but a fruitless Journey;
And to hope further of *Alinda*'s Recovery,
(For sure she'll rather perish than return)
Is but to seek a Moth i'th' Sun. *Seb.* We'll on sure;
Something we'll know, some Cause of all this fooling,
Make some Discovery. *Cur.* Which way shall we cast then,
For all the Champian Country, and the Villages,
And all those sides?

Seb. We'll cross these Woods awhile then:
Here if we fail, we'll gallop to *Segonia*,
And if we light of no News there, hear nothing,
We'll even turn fairly home, and coast the other side.

Cur. He may be sick, or fall'n into some Danger;
He has no Guide, nor no Man to attend him.

Seb. He's well enough, he has a travell'd Body,
And though he be old, he's tough, and will endure well;
But he is so violent to find her out,
That his Anger leads him a thousand wild-Goose Chases:
I'll warrant he is well. *Cur.* Shall we part Company?

Seb. By no means, no; that were a sullen Business:
No Pleasure in our Journey; Come, let's cross here first,
And where we find the Paths, let 'em direct us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Juletta *and* Alinda.

Jul. Why are you still so fearful of me, Lady?
So doubtful of my Faith, and honest Service?
To hide your self from me, to fly my Company?
Am I not yours? All yours? By this Light you shake still;
Do ye suspect me false? Did I ever fail ye?
Do you think I am corrupted, base, and treacherous?
Lord how ye look! Is not my Life ty'd to ye?
And all the Power I have to serve, and honour ye?
Still do ye doubt? still am I terrible?
I will not trouble ye: Good Heav'n preserve ye,
And send ye what ye wish: I will not see ye, Nor

Nor once remember I had ſuch a Miſtreſs.
I will not ſpeak of ye, nor name *Alinda*,
For fear you ſhould ſuſpect I would betray ye:
Goodneſs and Peace conduct ye. *Alin.* Prithee pardon me,
I know thou art truly faithful; and thou art welcome,
A welcome Partner to my Miſeries;
Thou know'ſt I love thee too.
Jul. I have thought ſo, Lady.
Alin. Alas, my Fears have ſo diſtracted me
I durſt not truſt my ſelf. *Jul.* Come, pray ye think better,
And caſt thoſe by; at leaſt conſider, Lady,
How to prevent 'em; pray ye put off this Fool's Coat,
Though it have kept ye ſecret for a Seaſon,
'Tis known now, and will betray ye; your arch Enemy
Roderigo is abroad; many are looking for ye.
Alin. I know it, and thoſe many I have cozen'd.
Jul. You cannot ſtill thus. *Alin.* I have no means to ſhift it.
Jul. I have, and ſhift you too. I lay laſt Night
At a poor Widow's Houſe here in the Thicket,
Whither I will conduct ye, and new ſhape ye,
My ſelf too to attend ye. *Alin.* What Means haſt thou?
For mine are gone. *Jul.* Fear not, enough to ſerve ye;
I came not out ſo empty. *Alin.* Prithee tell me,
(For thou haſt ſtruck a kind of Comfort through me,)
When ſaw'ſt thou *Roderigo*? *Jul.* Even this Morning,
And in theſe Woods: Take heed, h'as got a new Shape.
Alin. The Habit of a Pilgrim? Yes, I know it,
And I hope ſhall prevent it; was he alone?
Jul. No, Madam; and which made me wonder mightily,
He was in company with that handſome Pilgrim,
That ſad ſweet Man. *Alin.* That I forgot to give to?
Jul. The ſame, the very ſame, that you ſo pitied,
A Man as fit to ſuit his Villanies.
Alin. And they did walk tog ther?
Jul. Wondrous civilly. *Alin.* Talk, and diſcourſe?
Jul. I think ſo, for I ſaw 'em
Make many ſtands, and then embrace each other.
Alin. The Pilgrim is betray'd, a *Judas* dwells with him,
A *Simon*, that will ſeem a Saint to choak him.
Canſt thou but ſhew me this? *Jul.* Lord how ſhe trembles!
Not thus, for all the World, ye are undone then;
But let's retire, and alter, then we'll walk free;
And then I'll ſhew ye any thing. *Alin.* Come, good Wench,
And ſpeedily, for I have ſtrange Faiths working,
As ſtrange Fears too, I'll tell thee all my Life then.

Jul. Come quick; I'll conduct ye, and ſtill ſerve ye,
And do not fear; hang Fear, it ſpoils all Projects.
This way, I'll be your Guide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Governor, Verdugo, *and Citizens.*

Gov. Uſe all your Sports,
All your Solemnities; 'tis the King's Day to Morrow,
His Birth Day, and his Marriage, a glad Day,
A Day we ought to honour, all. 1 *Cit.* We will, Sir,
And make *Segonia* ring with our Rejoycings.
Gov. Be ſumptuous, but not riotous; be bounteous,
But not in drunken Bacchanals; free to all Strangers,
Eaſie and ſweet in all your Entertainments,
For 'tis a royal Day admits no Rudeneſs.
2 *Cit.* Your Lordſhip will do us the Honour to be here your ſelf,
And grace the Day? *Gov.* 'Tis a main part of my Service.
Cit. I hope your Honour has taken into your conſideration
The Miſeries we have ſuffered by theſe Out-laws,
The Loſſes, hourly Fears; the rude Abuſes,
Strangers that travel to us are daily loaden with,
Our Daughters and our Wives Complaints.
Gov. I am ſorry for't,
And have Commiſſion from the King to eaſe it:
You ſhall not be long vext. 1 *Cit.* Had we not Walls, Sir,
And thoſe continually man'd too with our Watches,
We ſhould not have a Bit of Meat to feed us.
And yet they are our Friends, and we muſt think ſo,
And entertain 'em ſo ſometimes, and feaſt 'em,
And ſend 'em loaden home too, we are loſt elſe.
2 *Cit.* They'll come to Church amongſt us, as we hope Chriſtians,
When all their Zeal is but to ſteal the Chalices;
At this good time now, if your Lordſhip were not here,
To awe their Violence with your Authority,
They would play ſuch Gambols.
Gov. Are they grown ſo heady?
2 *Cit.* They would drink up all our Wine, piſs out our Bonfires;
Then, like the drunken Centaurs, have at the faireſt,
Nay, have at all; fourſcore and ten's a Goddeſs,
Whilſt we, like Fools, ſtand ſhaking in our Cellars.
Gov. Are they ſo fierce upon ſo little Suffe.ance?
I'll give 'em ſuch a Purge, and ſuddenly.
Verdugo, after this Solemnity is over
Call on me for a Charge of Men, of good Men,
To ſee what Houſe theſe Knaves keep, of good Soldiers,

As ſturdy as themſelves, that dare diſpute with 'em,
Dare walk the Woods as well as they, as fearleſs,
But with a better Faith belabour 'em;
I'll know what Claim they have to their Poſſeſſion.
'Tis pity of their Captain, *Roderigo*,
A well-bred Gentleman, and a good Soldier,
And one his Majeſty has ſome little Reaſon
To thank for ſundry Services, and fair ones;
That long Neglect bred this. I am ſorry for him.
Ver. The hope of his Eſtate keeps back his Pardon,
There's divers Waſpes that buz about that Honey-Box,
And long to lick themſelves full. *Gov.* True *Verdugo*,
Would he had but the Patience to diſcern it,
And Policy to wipe their Lips. *Ver.* To fetch him in, Sir,
By Violence, he being now no Infant,
Will ask ſome bloody Crowns. I know his People
Are of his own choice, Men that will not totter,
Nor blench much at a Bullet; I know his Order,
And though he have no Multitude, h'as Manhood;
The elder Twin to that too, ſtaid Experience.
But if he muſt be forced, Sir,—— *Gov.* There's no Remedy,
Unleſs he come himſelf. *Ver.* That will be doubtful.
Did you never hear yet of the noble *Pedro*?
Gov. I cannot by no Means; I think he's dead ſure;
The Court bewails much his untimely Loſs:
The King himſelf laments him. *Ver.* He was ſunk;
And if he be dead, he died happily,
He buried all he had in the King's Service,
And loſt himſelf. *Gov.* Well, if he be alive, Captain,
(As hope ſtill ſpeaks the beſt) I know the King's Mind
So inwardly and full, he will be happy.
Come, to this Preparation; when that's done,
The Out-laws Expedition is begun.
Cit. We'll contribute all to that, and help our ſelves too. [*Exe.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Roderigo *and* Pedro.

Rod. How ſweet theſe ſolitary Places are? How wantonly
The Wind blows through the Leaves, and courts, and plays with em?
Will ye ſit down, and ſleep? The Heat invites ye.
Hark how yond purling Stream dances, and murmurs,
The Birds ſing ſoftly too; pray take ſome Reſt, Sir.
I would fain woe his Fancy to a Peace,
It labours high and haſtily upon him:
Pray ye ſit, and I'll ſit by. *Ped.* I cannot ſleep, Friend,

I have thoſe Watches here admit no Slumbers.
Saw ye none yet? *Rod.* No Creature.
Ped. What ſtrange Muſick
Was that we heard afar off? *Rod.* I cannot gueſs;
'Twas loud, and ſhrill: Sometimes it ſhew'd hard by us,
And by and by the Sound fled as the Wind does;
Here's no Inhabitants. *Ped.* It much delighted me.
Rod. They talk of Fairies, and ſuch Demi-Devils,
This is a fine Place to dance their Gambols.——
Ped. Methought I heard a Voice. [*Muſick and Birds.*
Rod. They can ſing admirably,
They never loſe their Maiden-Heads: I would fool any way
To make him merry now: methinks yond Rocks yonder
Shew like enchanted Cells, where they inhabit.
[*Muſick afar off. Pot Birds.*
Ped. 'Tis here again, hark gentle *Roderigo*,
Hark, hark: O ſweet, ſweet, how the Birds record too!
Mark how it flies now every way. O Love,
In ſuch a Harmony art thou begotten,
In ſuch ſoft Air, ſo gentle, lull'd and nouriſh'd.
O my beſt Miſtreſs! *Rod.* How he weeps! Dear Heav'n
Give him his Heart's Content, and me forgive too.
I muſt melt too. *Ped.* The Birds ſing louder, ſweeter,
And every Note they emulate one another!
Lye ſtill and hear: Theſe when they have done their Labours,
Enter Alinda *and* Juletta, *like old Women.*
Their pretty Airs, fall to their Reſts, enjoy 'em.
Nothing rocks Love aſleep, but Death.
Rod. Who are theſe? *Ped.* What?
Rod. Thoſe there, thoſe, thoſe things that come upon us,
Thoſe grandam things, thoſe ſtrange Antiquities.
Did not I ſay theſe Woods begot ſtrange Wonders?
Jul. Now ye may view 'em. *Alin.* Ha?
Jul. The Men ye long'd for,
Here they are both: Now ye may boldly talk with 'em,
And never be gueſs'd at; be not afraid, nor faint not;
They wonder at us; let's maintain that wonder;
Shake not, but what ye purpoſe do diſcreetly,
And from your Tongue I'll take my part. *Alin.* Ha?
Jul. There, before ye, there; do not turn Coward, Miſtreſs,
If ye do love, carry your Love out handſomely.
Alin. 'Tis he and *Roderigo*: What a Peace
Dwells in their Faces, what a friendly Calm
Crowns both their Souls?
Rod. They ſhow as if they were mortal;
They come upon us ſtill. *Ped.* Be not afraid, Man,

Let 'em be what they will, they cannot hurt us.
Rod. That thing i'th' button'd Cap looks terribly;
She has Guns in her Eyes, the Devil's Engineer.
Ped. Come, ſtand, and let's go meet 'em. *Rod.* Go you firſt.
I have leſs Faith: When I have ſaid my Prayers———
Ped. There needs no Fear. Hail, reverend Dames.
Alin. Good Even, what do ye ſeek?
Ped. We would ſeek happier Fortunes.
Rod. That little Devil has main need of a Barber,
What a trim Beard ſhe has?
Alin. Seek 'em, and make 'em,
Lye not ſtill, nor longer here,
Here inhabits naught but Fear,
Be conſtant good, in Faith be clear:
Fortune will wait ye every where.
Ped. Whither ſhould we go? for we believe thy Reverence,
And next obey. *Alin.* Go to *Segonia*,
And there before the Altar pay thy Vows,
Thy Gifts, and Prayers; unload thy Heavineſs,
To Morrow ſhed thy Tears, and gain thy Suit,
Such honeſt noble Show'rs, ne'er wanted Fruit.
Jul. Stand you out too.
Rod. I ſhall be hang'd, or whip'd now;
Theſe know, and theſe have Pow'r.
Jul. See how he ſhakes.
A ſecure Conſcience never quakes;
Thou haſt been ill, be ſo no more,
A good Retreat is a great Store.
Thou haſt commanded Men of Might,
Command thy ſelf, and then thou art right.
Alin. Command thy Will; thy foul Deſires.
Put out and quench thy unhallow'd Fires:
Command thy Mind, and make that pure;
Thou art wiſe then, valiant, and ſecure.
A Bleſſing then thou may'ſt beget.
Jul. A Curſe elſe that ſhall never ſet
Will light upon thee: Say thy Prayers;
Thou haſt as many Sins, as Hairs.
Thou art a Captain, let thy Men
Be honeſt and good Thoughts, and then
Thou may'ſt command, and lead in chief;
Yet thou art bloody, and a Thief.
Rod. What ſhall I do? I do confeſs. *Alin.* Retire;
And purge thee perfect in his Fire:
His Life obſerve; live in his School;
And then thou ſhalt put off the Fool.

Jul.

Jul. Pray at *Segonia* too, and give
Thy Offrings up, repent, and live. [*Muſick within.*
Alin. Away, away; enquire no more,
Do this, ye are rich, elſe Fools, and poor;
What Muſick's this? *Jul.* Retire; 'tis ſome neat Joy,
In Honour of the King's great Day; they wonder.
This comes in right to confirm their Reverence.
Away, away, let them admire, it makes
For our Advantage; how the Captain ſhakes! [*Exe.*
Ped. This was the Muſick. *Rod.* Yes, yes, how I ſweat!
I was never ſo deſerted; ſure theſe Woods
Are only inhabited with rare Dreams, and Wonders;
I would not be a Knave again, a Villain;
Lord, how I loath it now; for theſe know all, Sir,
And they would find me out. *Ped.* They are excellent Women,
Deep in their knowledge, Friend. *Rod.* I would not be a Traitor,
And have theſe of my Jury; how light I am,
And how my Heart laughs now methinks within me?
Now I am Catechiz'd, I would ever dwell here,
For there is a kind of Court of Reformation;
Had I been ſtubborn, Friend. *Ped.* They would have found it.
Rod. And then they would have handled me a new way,
The Devil's dump had been danced then. *Ped.* Let's away
And do their great Commands, and do 'em handſomely,
Contrite, and true; for I believe, *Roderigo*,
And conſtantly believe, we ſhall be happy.
Rod. So you do well; fall edge or flat o' my ſide,
All I can ſtagger at is the King's Anger,
Which if it come, I am prepar'd to meet it.
Ped. The King has Mercy, Friend, as well as Juſtice.
And when you fall: no more. *Rod.* I hope the faireſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Maſter, Seberto, *and* Curio.

Cur. We have told ye what he is, what time we have ſought him,
His Nature, and his Name; the ſeeming Boy too,
Ye had here, how, and what by your own relation,
All Circumſtances we have clear'd: That the Duke ſent him.
We told ye how impoſſible; he knows him not;
That he is mad himſelf, and therefore fit
To be your Priſoner, we dare ſwear againſt it.
Seb. Take heed, Sir, be not madder than you would make him;
Though he be raſh, and ſudden (which is all his Wildneſs)
Take heed ye wrong him not: He is a Gentleman,
And ſo muſt be reſtor'd and clear'd in all Points;

The King ſhall be a Judge elſe. *Cur.* 'Twas ſome trick
That brought him hither: The Boy and Letter counterfeit,
Which ſhall appear, if ye dare now detain him.
Maſt. I dare not Sir, nor will not: I believe ye,
And will reſtore him up; had I known ſooner
H'ad been a Neighbour, and the Man you ſpeak him,
(Though as I live, he carried a wild ſeeming)
My Service and my ſelf had both attended him.
How I have us'd him, let him ſpeak.
Seb. Let's in, and viſit him,
Then to the holy Temple, there pay our Duties,
And ſo we'll take our leaves.
Maſt. I'll wait upon ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

An Altar prepar'd. Solemn Muſick.

Enter Governor, *Verdugo*, Courtiers, Ladies, *&c.*

Gov. *This to Devotion ſacred be,*
This to the King's Proſperity,
This to the Queen, and Chaſtity. [Muſick.
Ver. *Theſe Oblations firſt we bring*
To purge our ſelves: Theſe to the King.
To Love, and Beauty theſe: Now Sing. [Muſick.
Ladies. *Holy Altar, daigne to take*
Theſe for our ſelves: For the King's ſake
And Honour, theſe; Theſe ſacred lye
To Virtue, Love, and Modeſty,
Our Wiſhes to Eternity. [Muſick.
Enter Pedro, *and* Roderigo.
Ped. *For our ſelves firſt, thus we bend;*
Forgive us Heav'n, and be our Friend;
Rod. *And happy Fortune to us ſend.*
Ped. *To the King, Honour, and all Joy,*
Long, and happy from Annoy.
Rod. *Proſperous be all his Days,*
Every new Hour, a new Praiſe.
Ped. *Every Minute thus be ſeen,*
Both. *And thouſand Honours crown the Queen.* [Muſick.
Enter Alphonſo, Curio, *and* Seberto.
Seb. Come to the Altar, let us do our Duties.
Alph. I have almoſt forgot a Church.
Cur. Kneel reverently.
Alph. *For my loſt Wits (let me ſee)*
Firſt I pray; and ſecondly,

To be at home again, and free;
And if I Travel more, hang me.
For the King, and for the Queen,
That they may be wiſe, and ſeen
Never in the Mad-man's Inn.
For my Daughter I would pray,
But ſhe has made a Holy-day,
And needs not my Devotion now;
Let her take her own courſe, Heav'n,
Whether it be odd, or even.
And if that pleaſe not, take her you. [Muſick.

Seb. A ſhort and ſweet Meditation, what are theſe here?

Enter Alinda, *and* Juletta, *like Shepherds.*

Alin. Hail to this ſacred Place.

Jul. They are all here, Madam;
No violence dare touch here, be ſecure.
My Bilbo Maſter too: How got he looſe again?
How lamentably he looks, he has had Diſcipline.
I dare not let him know my Pranks.

Seb. 'Tis ſhe ſure. *Cur.* 'Tis certainly.

Ped. Ha! Do I dazle? *Rod.* 'Tis the fair *Alinda.*

Gov. What wonder ſtand theſe Strangers in?

Rod. Her Woman by her,
The ſame Sir, as I live. *Alph.* I had a Daughter,
With ſuch a Face once, ſuch Eyes, and Noſe too;
Ha, let me ſee, 'tis wondrous like *Alinda*;
Their Devotion ended, I'll mark 'em, and nearer.
And ſhe had a Filly that waited on her,
Juſt with ſuch a Favour.
Do they keep Goats now?

Alin. *Thus we kneel, and thus we pray,*
A happy Honour to this Day,
Thus our Sacrifice we bring
Ever happy to the King.

Jul. *Theſe of Purple, Damask green,*
Sacred to the virtuous Queen,
Here we hang

Alin. *As theſe are now,*
Her Glories ever ſpring, and ſhow.
Theſe for our ſelves, our Hopes, and Loves,
Full of Pinks, and Ladies Gloves,
Of Hearts-eaſe too, which we would fain,
As we labour for, attain;
Hear me Heav'n, and as I bend,
Full of hope, ſome Comfort ſend.

Jul. *Hear her, hear her; if there be*
A ſpotleſs Sweetneſs, this is ſhe. [Muſick.

Ped.

Ped. Now *Roderigo* ſtand. *Rod.* He that divides ye
Divides my Life too. *Gov.* *Pedro*, noble *Pedro*,
Do not you know your Friend?
Ped. I know and honour ye.
Gov. Lady, this leave I'll crave, pray be not angry,
I will not long divide you; how happy, *Pedro*,
Would all the Court be now, might they behold thee?
Might they but ſee you thus, and thus embrace you?
The King will be a joyful Man, believe it,
Moſt joyful, *Pedro*. *Ped.* I am his humble Servant.
Nay, good Sir, ſpeak your Will, I ſee you wonder,
One eaſie word from you——
Alph. I dare ſay nothing,
My Tongue's a new Tongue, Sir, and knows his Tither,
Let her do what ſhe pleaſe, I dare do nothing,
I have been damn'd for doing. Will the King know him?
That Fellow there, will he reſpect and honour him?
He has been look'd upon, they ſay; will he own him?
Gov. Yes certainly and grace him, ever honour him,
Reſtore him every way, he has much lamented him.
Alph. Is't your Will too? This is the laſt time of asking.
Rod. I am ſure, none elſe ſhall touch her, none elſe enjoy her.
If this, and this hold.
Alph. You had beſt begin the Game then, I have no Title in her,
Pray take her, and diſpatch her, and commend me to her,
And let me get Home, and hope I am ſober:
Kiſs, kiſs, it muſt be thus; ſtand up *Alinda*,
I am the more Child, and more need of Bleſſing.
Ye had a waiting Woman, one *Juletta*,
A pretty deſperate thing, juſt ſuch another
As this ſweet Lady; we call'd her nimble Chaps.
I pray is this the Party? *Jul.* No indeed, Sir,
She is at home, I am a little Foot-Boy,
That walk a-Nights, and fright old Gentlemen;
Make 'em loſe Hats and Cloaks. *Alph.* And Horſes too.
Jul. Sometimes I do Sir, teach 'em the way through Ditches;
And how to break their Worſhips Shins, and Noſes
Againſt old broken Stiles, and Stumps. *Alph.* A fine Art.
I feel it in my Bones yet. *Jul.* I am a Drum, Sir,
A Drum at Mid-night, ran, tan, tan, tan, tan, Sir.
Do you take me for *Juletta?* I am a Page, Sir,
That brought a Letter from the Duke of *Medina*
To have one Senior *Alphonſo*, juſt ſuch another
As your old Worſhip, worm'd for running mad, Sir.
Alas, you are miſtaken. *Alph.* Thou art the Devil,
And ſo thou haſt uſed me. *Jul.* I am any thing,

An old Woman, that tells Fortunes.
Rod. Ha. *Jul.* And frights good People,
And ſends them to *Segonia* for their Fortunes:
I am ſtrange Airs, and excellent ſweet Voices.
I am any thing, to do her good, believe me;
She now recovered, and her Wiſhes crown'd,
I am *Juletta* again, pray Sir forgive me.
Alp. I dare not do otherwiſe, for fear thou ſhould'ſt ſtill follow me.
Prethee be forgiven, and I prethee forgive me too:
And if any of you will marry her.
Jul. No, I beſeech you, Sir;
My Miſtreſs is my Husband, with her I'll dwell ſtill,
And when you play any more pranks you know where to have me.
Ped. You know him, Sir.
Gov. Know him, and much lament him,
The King's incens'd much, much Sir, I can aſſure you.
Ped. Noble Governor.
Gov. But ſince he is your Friend, and now appears
In honour of this Day, and Love to you, Sir,
I'll try the power I have, to the pinch I'll put it:
Here's my hand *Roderigo*, I'll ſet you fair again.
Rod. And here's mine, to be true and full of Service.
Gov. Your People too ſhall have their general Pardons,
We'll have all Peace and Love. *Rod.* All ſhall pray for you.
Gov. To my Houſe now, and ſuit you to your worths;
Off with theſe Weeds, and appear Glorious:
Then to the Prieſt, that ſhall attend us here,
And this be ſtil'd Loves new and happy Year.
Rod. The King's and Queen's, two noble Honours meet,
To grace this Day two true Loves at their Feet.
Alph. Well well, ſince Wedding will come after Wooing,
Give me ſome Roſemary, and let's be going. [*Exeunt.*

FINIS.